

THE LIVING AGE.

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SMALL CRAFT.

When Drake sailed out from Devon
to break King Philip's pride,
He had great ships at his bidding and
little ones beside;
Revenge was there, and *Lion*, and
others known to fame,
And likewise he had small craft, which
hadn't any name.

Small craft—small craft, to harry and
to flout 'em!
Small craft—small craft, you cannot
do without 'em!
Their deeds are unrecorded, their
names are never seen,
But we know that there were small
craft, because there must have
been.

When Nelson was blockading for three
long years and more,
With many a bluff first-rater and
oaken seventy-four,
To share the fun and fighting, the
good chance and the bad,
Oh, he had also small craft, because
he must have had.

Upon the skirts of battle, from Sluys
to Trafalgar,
We know that there were small craft,
because there always are;
Yacht, sweeper, sloop, and drifter,
today as yesterday,
The big ships fight the battles, but the
small craft clear the way.

They scout before the squadrons
when mighty fleets engage;
They glean War's dreadful harvest
when the fight has ceased to rage;
Too great they count no hazard, no
task beyond their power,
And merchantmen bless small craft a
hundred times an hour.

In Admirals' dispatches their names
are seldom heard;
They justify their being by more than
written word;

In battle, toil and tempest and dangers
manifold

The doughty deeds of small craft will
never all be told.

Scant ease and scantier leisure—they
take no heed of these,
For men lie hard in small craft when
storm is on the seas;
A long watch and a weary, from dawn
to set of sun—
The men who serve in small craft,
their work is never done.

And if, as chance may have it, some
bitter day they lie
Out-classed, out-gunned, out-num-
bered, with naught to do but die,
When the last gun's out of action,
good-bye to ship and crew,
But men die hard in small craft, as
they will always do.

Oh, death comes once to each man, and
the game it pays for all,
And duty is but duty in great ship and
in small,
And it will not vex their slumbers
or make less sweet their rest,
Though there's never a big black
headline for small craft going
west.

Great ships and mighty captains—
to these their meed of praise
For patience, skill and daring, and
loud victorious days;
To every man his portion, as is both
right and fair,
But oh! forget not small craft, for
they have done their share.

Small craft—small craft, from Scapa
Flow to Dover,
Small craft—small craft, all the wide
world over,
At risk of war and shipwreck, torpedo,
mine and shell,
All honor be to small craft, for oh,
they've earned it well!

C. F. S.

Punch.

THE WAR CURRENT AND PEACE EDDIES.

The third year of the war, ushered in with cheery forecasts which the annual Spring offensive was to have realized, has come and gone, bringing many changes but no decision. For the enemy it closed more hopefully than it began. Instead of inflicting material exhaustion and depletion of man-power it bestowed upon him some military successes and a considerable increase of allied territory.

The year opened with a series of most formidable offensives on the part of the Allies against the Central Empires. In the East Brussiloff's star was in the ascendant and the superb on-rush of his armies filled the minds of the Teutons with dread and pain.

The Somme battle was still raging in the West. Our military critics were lavish in their praises of the way in which it was being prosecuted and glorying in the fact that the Allied forces there were in every respect more than a match for the enemy. On the Isonzo the Austrians were forced to abandon Gorizia, which was literally pulverized by heavy artillery, while in Asia Minor the Russians had advanced to Erzindjan. In a word, the decision of fate seemed about to be given in our favor. And then, to crown all, a new weight was thrown in which would, we were assured, give us victory and peace. Roumania declared war against Austria and her troops swept down the Carpathians like an avalanche carrying towns and villages on the way.

Roumania's resolution was construed not merely as a force but also as a symbol portending a last brief tussle in which the Teutons were foredoomed to irreparable disaster. It was the liquidation of the war. In a word, never since the opening

of hostilities had the cause of the Entente seemed so near a decisive triumph.

What happened afterwards is fresh in the public mind. For the chasm it left between promise and achievement there is, of course, an adequate explanation as there will be for the final issue of the struggle, whichever side it may favor. But to explanations alone, however satisfactory, the Allies cannot look for the attainment of their war aims; something more tangible is requisite. With faith, hope, ardor and eloquence they are superabundantly provided, the one thing still needed is success, and this only intelligence, single-mindedness and energy can bestow.

In the meanwhile, in spite of some reverses and of the high price paid for them by the enemy, neither side is yet sufficiently weakened or dispirited by its losses or its outlook to abandon the essential aims to the prosecution of which these are due. Judging by official utterances, neither group of powers apprehends that the drift of events, military or other, in the near future, will compel it to assent to less acceptable peace terms than might be had for the asking today. Far from that, each one holds, or at any rate proclaims, that it can and will pound the enemy till he becomes as yielding as the softest wax, the Teutons building on their submarine campaign, and the Allies on the co-operation of the United States. Meanwhile, each one is sanguine but subdued. Confidence is perceptibly less self-assertive than at the outset, but is just as evenly diffused. Among all belligerent nations, as distinguished from their Governments, the war-fever, together with its wonder-working enthusiasms, has subsided and

cool deliberation accompanied by an earnest desire for an honorable and safe return to normal conditions has taken its place. This temper appearing to Pope Benedict auspicious for another effort at conciliation, the Sovereign Pontiff recently issued a set of peace proposals which would tend to bring Europe back to the *status quo ante* guaranteed by dieters' oaths and scraps of paper. It proved abortive. And yet in one sense the paper reading of the international situation is correct enough. At the opening of the fourth year of the campaign a new spirit is undoubtedly brooding over the war-waging peoples and painfully seeking embodiment. As yet only partially revealed, it is obviously a solvent of much that the human race had, was, and strove for. In a limited measure, too, it has proved helpful to the Allies, purging their cause of a hideous eyesore; autocracy, still the beam in the Teuton's eye, has ceased to be even a mote in that of the Entente.

Democracy raised to its highest power in Russia is thickly streaked with anarchy, and may yet be tinged with the blood of civil strife. Eschewing conquests and violence it leads straight to both. Russia, for whose sake the Allies are bleeding, is now turning wistfully towards the conscientious objectors.

But the influence of the new spirit is not confined to Russia. Everywhere it is felt as a stimulus to radical change and everywhere its force is sustained and intensified by circumstance which clears the ground for the new order of things. Ideas which for generations vainly awaited embodiment are suddenly taking shape in laws or institutions, the advent of which the boldest prophet would not have dared to foretell three years ago. For now the gainsayers have no voice in the matter. Circumstance is decisive. Thus the

arrogant peace shibboleth of the German has been whittled down to the less pretentious formula: "No annexations and no war indemnities, only guarantees against future aggression." And as the Allies' revised peace postulates are "Restitution, reparation, the abolition of militarism, and the establishment of freedom for all nations," it might well seem as though the two hostile groups were already near enough to each other to open their minds and confer usefully on the subject of an understanding. Such, at any rate, was the Pope's way of looking at the matter, and his well meant but abortive action was the practical inference drawn from it.

But in truth, although the belligerents have formally renounced what was predatory in their strivings, with a view to bringing this horrible struggle to a speedy close, the ultimate aims of each remain what they were, the Allies yearning for a loose state of international fellowship, each member of which would be free to live and act in his own way, and the Germans devising a real federation of nations the individual components of which would be closely knitted together and directed by a single head towards a common goal. New Europe in the latter scheme would be merely an enlargement of the German Empire and would comprise first, second and third class races. Between these two goals there yawns a gulf too broad to be spanned by any bridge. The Teutons look upon themselves as the salt of the earth, the chosen people whose qualities entitle them to the leadership of the world. And so long as this conviction subsists they will not—nay, they cannot—relinquish their claim nor desist from their endeavors to enforce it. Neither peace treaties nor military victories will avail at this conjuncture to alter that.

For no people can put away its

character over night, nor can the Germans, who deem themselves the most gifted and vigorous race on the globe, be content to play a subordinate part in the world's drama while their "inferior rivals strut about the stage as heroes." Pluming themselves on their heaven-sent mission to take over the leadership of the race, they feel it to be a duty no less than a right to fulfil it. And there is every reason to believe that they will respond to this call of duty as promptly in the future as they have done in the past and with the same resourcefulness and unscrupulousness. Their will is set; all that is needed is power. Such is the temper of the nation and the most liberal constitution that Germany, as at present attuned, can give herself, will not modify it. In theory the sole efficacious way of tackling the problem would seem to be for the Allies to keep their adversary deprived of the means of effecting his purpose until such time as genuine democratic principles have permeated his mind. Can they effect this? Even this corrective may be impotent to neutralize the ingrained German racial impulse to dominate, but so far as one can now see, nothing else can accomplish the feat.

Once master that psychological fact and you will be prepared for the quibbling of Chancellors and the prevarications of publicists. Lately Herr Michaelis, the stalking-horse of General Ludendorff, affirmed that a fair peace basis might be arrived at on the lines of the Reichstag's "No annexations" declaration. But he craftily added: "As I understand it." Later on he denied that he had absolutely acquiesced in that declaration—and finally he protested that he did acquiesce in it unreservedly. Now to attempt to build the European peace fabric on such moving sands as these declarations and glosses would be a dangerous

venture and no conscientious statesman mindful of his duty as the trustee of his people would undertake it. As President Wilson put it, "in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend."

The cardinal conception which vitalizes the Allies' striving for peace provides for the settlement of territorial disputes by allowing each nationality to shape its own destinies and by recognizing the claim of every State to enjoy free access to the sea. The peace concluded on this basis would be made stable by eschewing alliances directed against other Powers and drawing all States together in one great federation with a common executive whose military and naval forces should considerably exceed those of each individual member of the concern. This proposal, which is nowise new, has much to recommend it. But as yet it is hardly more than an ideal. The Central Empires will not even feign to accept it. Austria still denies to her non-German nationalities the right to govern themselves, nor would Germany allow her Poles to secede from the Empire and coalesce with the new kingdom of Poland. Indeed, if we may take the recent utterances of French and Italian Cabinet Ministers for the expression of the will of their respective nations, these too would demur to the principle of consulting the populations of the "unredeemed" provinces and abiding by the result of a plebiscite.

Much ground, then, must yet be traversed by the war-waging Governments before they reach a sufficiently narrow part of the gulf separating them to admit of its being spanned by a peace conference. The peoples are believed to be less uncompromising. I am unable to discern more than two possible issues out of this contest for the future ordering of the world: a grandiose international

monarchy of the absolute type, or else a loose federation of nations—the former the outcome of a German victory, the latter of a German defeat. As for the “negotiated peace” which now occupies the field of public discussion, whether it be decreed admissible, desirable, or necessary, it would, to my thinking, be neither more nor less than a masked German success. Yet it cannot be gainsaid that a vast and growing body of opinion and sentiment favors this way of ending the war, and flatters itself that a democratized Germany will shed the Prussian coil, forget her “racial superiority,” turn from her secular aims, and fall into line with the “inferior” peoples whose mission it should be to devote themselves to her service.

That optimism is one result, and not the least sinister, of the doctrine preached by the Allied Governments from the outset that time is on our side. Time is never on the side of a coalition, but invariably on that of its adversary. It was belief in the helpful effect of time that kept the Allied peoples browsing on hope while the Germans were everywhere, actively preparing the ruin of Roumania, the Revolution in Russia, and constructing a fleet of powerful submarines for the purpose of keeping the consignments of our transports under the requirements of our Allies. The truth about time as an ally may be summed up in the Arab proverb: “Time is a sharp sword with which you must make haste to smite your enemy, lest you yourself be smitten by it.” Time brought forth the Russian Revolution,* which, like so many other events of the past three years, took the Allied Governments by surprise. They had no idea that that imbroglia

was coming to complicate the tangled elements of the war. The illustrious delegates who had been sent to Petrograd on the eve of the outbreak to reconnoitre the position came back with the certitude that the revolutionary forces would be kept under control until peace negotiations began.

When the storm-cloud burst the British Government, and in particular the Prime Minister, hailed it with joy as the harbinger of halcyon weather, although many, like myself, knew that it might mean the confiscation of land, the murder of officers, the destruction of military discipline and possibly even the disruption of Russia. For some of these Dead Sea fruits were found growing on the tree of liberty that was hastily planted in the year 1905. But we were exhorted to cheer up, and told that Russia's offensive would be more formidable than ever. Officers' delegates had resolved unanimously to advance. Brussiloff's army was impatient for the fray. All the cavalry regiments had sworn to march against the foe.* Stirring speeches were being delivered at banquets all over the country. And yet one felt that the resolutions and declarations of Russian delegates, officers, and Ministers are but counters; the coin is the temper of the soldiers, and the one thing that matters is whether or no they mean to obey orders and risk their lives. And I had seen no reason to believe that they did. What I feared was that the reaction against anarchy and chaos might lead to civil strife and to a Teuto-Russian front for the delectation of our enemies. This fear has not been dispelled by recent events.

Since then Europe has had the distraction of the Korniloff-Kerensky episode, which for several days—say the reports—left the front inactive and almost powerless. It was

*I employ the expression to denote the deposition of the Tsar, the change of *régime* and the decomposition of the army. The real revolution has not yet begun.

*The Times, June 2d. 1917.

bound to come, and it is likely to repeat itself. The thinking and working classes in Russia are tired of bloodshed and anarchy, and long for the establishment of passable order and coherent methods of government. The country has been swept as by a tornado, and the streets of the capital have been the scenes of atrocities indescribable. Bands of armed plunderers still visit the houses of the well-to-do and snap up money and valuables, while the well-paid police seem blind and dumb and palsied. In the country the estates of landed proprietors have in many instances been violently seized by the peasants. Hundreds of thousands of men and women have thus been suddenly reduced from wealth or competence to penury or misery, and for all redress they are bidden to remember that they are paying for the priceless boons of liberty, equality, and brotherhood. But what they feel is that they have only exchanged one privileged class for another; yesterday the nobles and the educated were at the summit, today the workmen and the illiterates.

Life in Russia under present conditions, they complain, is unbearable. Neither for person nor for property is there even a semblance of protection. Vagrant bands shoot and stab and rob with impunity. Private vengeance and lynch justice have largely superseded the criminal law. Even in Petrograd men as well as women are afraid to be in the streets after sundown. "The capital," writes the *Novoye Vremya*, "is abandoned to itself. Its inhabitants have to live like the birds of the air, to go in quest of their food wherever they can find it and to protect themselves. And this existence is dignified with the name of liberty!"*

The following brief sketch of some of the incidents of Russian liberty is

**Novoye Vremya*, July 15th, 1917.

worth reproducing. "It is past midnight. Cimmerian darkness lies heavy on the streets. The trams are tearing madly along to the terminus. Black night penetrates through the open window. Quick-firing guns emit their ominous rhythmic sound. . . . The click clack of rifles is also audible on every side. In a word, we are in the firing line. In the firing line! But where? At the front? In Warsaw or Dvinsk? Oh, no, in Petrograd, in Erteleff Street (the office of the *Novoye Vremya* newspaper). The Editor is calmly discussing tomorrow's issue. Correctors are reading the proofs. Now and again reporters run in with items of news. And what news? 'On the Nikolayeff Bridge firing has begun!' 'The machine-guns are playing on the Morskaya Street.' 'There is a fusillade on the Palace Square.' 'In the Catherine Street the firing is heavy.' And so on. Ill-starred, luckless old Petrograd! To what a plight art thou reduced by traitors, dastards and the benighted ones of the nation! There is no peaceful life more in our native city. We are at the front—nay, we are in a worse plight than those at the front for we do not even know where our enemies are, whence they come, or when or where to await them."*

Industry and many branches of trade and commerce are at a standstill. Factories and works are everywhere closing. In Ekaterinburg the chemical works have been shut down in consequence of the demands of the workmen for a preposterous rise in wages. In the Donetz basin all the wire works have been closed and over 13,000 men thrown out of employment. In Kharkoff a conference of Factory Committees was held which deserves special mention. For a historic resolution was passed there entirely abolishing strikes.

**Ibid.*, July 21st, 1917.

What arrests attention is the motive assigned. Strikes, it is explained, are henceforth superfluous because all the workmen's demands without exception must in future be accepted by the respective administrations whether they will or no, as otherwise within five days the directors of the establishments will be sent away and in their place the workmen will appoint their own directors. Conciliatory committees are on no account to be tolerated."*

"It is true to say," we read in the principal Petrograd journal, "that the crisis in Russia's culture is not a whit less grave than the crisis which her industry and agriculture are presently passing through. . . . The rights of the teacher, the doctor, the author, the scholar, the artist, the musician, the petty official, the indispensable clerk, the technician, are trampled underfoot by the privileged democracy of factories, their work is rated lower than manual labor and their talents and knowledge are set at naught."†

Ways of communication are utterly defective, even the American Railway Commission cannot enable them to distribute sufficient foodstuffs and materials to the armies or the civil population, which is said to be now worse off in Petrograd and Moscow than in Berlin and Breslau.‡ Misery and squalor are rampant. Famine and disease are at the gates. The Provisional Government by forbidding transactions in land has discouraged both landlords and peasants from sowing adequate quantities of corn, with the result that next year there will be a formidable shortage.

Under these conditions it is impossible to wage war efficiently against Germany, and it looked as though it

would soon become impossible to wage it at all. The soldiers deserted in tens of thousands, convinced that their committees, which constitute the real Government, desire peace and therefore do not wish them to fight. The enemy advanced farther and farther into the country, and sometimes the most serious obstacle he encountered was the weather or the bad roads.

This spectacle of a numerous and powerful people going to wreck and ruin goaded a number of officers into a daring effort to save the nation at the cost of a party. Their plan met with approval and encouragement among the more moderate elements, which had kept monarchical sentiments and aims in active glow. At first it was hoped that Brussiloff would fire the train and rid the country of the impediments to self-defensive action. But Brussiloff did nothing, and the belief spread that none of the Russian Generals possessed the moral fiber and perspicacity requisite for such a feat. It was then that Korniloff, the son of a Cossack peasant, who had worked his way up to the supreme command of the armies, stepped forward and behaved as though he would play the part. Of many factors of the problem he was wholly ignorant, but his motives—like those of Kerensky—were above criticism.

His reasoning and that of his friends was simple: the administration presided over by Kerensky, they argued, was one of the main causes of Russia's downfall. The Premier, they said, is being tolerated and utilized as their moderator and executor by the committees of workmen, men who do no work, of soldiers who abhor fighting, and of peasants who confiscate the land. At heart a pacifist, he has been laboring hard to bring about peace at Stockholm and elsewhere. Personally patriotic and upright, he stands for a body of corrosive

**Ibid.*, July 21st, 1917.

†*Novoye Vremya*, July 20th, 1917.

‡My own relatives have paid 150 roubles (about £16 at the pre-war rate of exchange) each for ordinary pairs of boots, and had to wait for weeks before they could get them.

doctrine, which has demoralized the army and is disintegrating the nation. He is the spokesman of a group which holds that wars are made by greedy capitalists for their own aggrandizement, and that the present war was arranged by Britain for lucre. The fraternization between the soldiers of the XIIth Army and the Germans was approved by the Council which upholds Kerensky. At any moment the Maximalist elements may decree confiscation of the land, the seizure of capital, and the conclusion of peace, and call upon the Premier to see that their behests are carried out. Now, instead of all this dangerous playing with fire, what the country needs is a tremendous effort to drive off the enemy. But so long as the present *régime* continues this effort cannot be made. . . .

As the feeling against "capitalistic Britain and France" is deep and bitter among the Premier's backers, these allies of Russia could not well intervene in her domestic quarrel. Besides, it would have been tactless to offend a hyper-sensitive people only just emancipated from an oppressive yoke, by suggesting that they are incapable of regulating their own affairs before they have made the discovery for themselves. The Allies did, however, try to prevent Korniloff and Kerensky from fighting.

The fall of Riga is a portent for the Allies as well as for Russia. It adds considerably to the task, already overwhelming, that the latter had set themselves. For the work achieved by the hostile armies has presumably to be undone by the allied forces. The enemy himself will not undo it. Now the establishment of the German fleet in Libau was unquestionably the most arresting change made on the Baltic shores since the war began, until the fall of Riga overshadowed it. Now Reval on the one hand and

Pskoff on the other are open to the Teuton armies, and if the fate of Riga does not overtake one or the other this year the reason must be looked for in the unsuspected weakness of the German line. These conquests whenever made will have permanent as well as fleeting consequences. Unless countered successfully, they will lead to national paralysis. The question whether the temporary Russian "Government" then makes or refuses to make a separate peace will be almost immaterial, for with Russia as a fresh source of supplies to draw from Germany would soon make good her shortage of materials and also to some extent her loss of men.

A consequence more lasting would make itself felt at the peace conference and after. It would take the form of an endeavor by the enemy to dismember Russia permanently by a mock application of the Allies' principle of every nation's right to shape its own life. To my knowledge this is an integral part of the Teuton program. Its first concrete manifestation was the promulgation of the independence of Poland. The Polish army that was to have been created by the Council of State in Warsaw for the behoof of the Central Empires having been definitely refused by that body, a new scheme for Poland's resuscitation differing from the pristine plan was outlined and is now under serious consideration. It is this: all the Kingdom of Poland, excepting a strip to the north ear-marked by Germany would be taken over by Austria as a third member of a triune Habsburg Monarchy. It would consist not of Poland only, but of Poland, Lithuania, Courland, Livland, and Esthland, and would therefore be an Austria in miniature. This arrangement, coupled with the independence of Finland, would cut off Russia from the Baltic, while the independence of the

Ukraine in the South would interpose a solid land barrier between her and the Black Sea. Political equilibrium in Europe would thus be chronically upset and what remained of Russia would become a dumping-ground for German industries and a helpful tool of German political intrigue. None of the peace terms yet canvassed, not even those advanced by the Allies themselves, would hinder or retard this mode of Germanizing the continent of Europe or aught which that implies. It can be prevented by nothing less than a complete crushing of the Teuton armies and disintegration of the Central Empires.

And this disruption of Russia is no imaginary contingency. To many indeed it may seem so because they still believe in the theory that prevailed everywhere down to the battle of the Marne, that the occupation of hostile territory, apart from any special strategic advantages it might confer, such as the cutting of the enemy's communications, is of no direct help to the final success of a campaign, and might even become an impediment to it. During the present struggle this doctrine, whatever may still be urged to the contrary, has undergone a modification owing to the difficulty of crushing the enemy. For he cannot be surrounded and when driven back without having been encircled he is able to take up a new and equally strong position at the rear. Conquests tell. Thus the fortune of war will determine more largely than before the political conformation of Europe. Consequently the holding of such enemy countries as give the invader a lever for building up some new political structure which he has in view—*Mittel Europa* is an instance—or supply him with an object of barter for the peace negotiations, is of greater moment today than at any previous epoch. This

explains the importance ascribed by the Teutons to their war-map, and their eagerness to possess themselves of all the lands they need for the establishment of the new "Central European block," their axiom being that the territory occupied by each belligerent at the close of hostilities will remain his, either to keep or to trade, as circumstances may demand.

It was on this ground that I urged the dispatch of a numerous and well-equipped army to an Eastern base to inaugurate a formidable offensive against Hungary and Austria. For it is not easy to see what other way there is of forcing the Central Empires to disgorge the booty they have seized in Eastern Europe. How, for instance, are their troops to be cleared out of Serbia and Roumania? By Sarraill's transubstantiated army? By dint of suasion at the Peace Conference? If not, how? By the help of the United States—people say. If the United States, *together with the coalition*, can carry on the war until such time as Germany, replenished by new and newest sources of supplies, is utterly crushed, and if they then fully fructify the power thus won to hinder the adversary from making mischief again, well and good. But there are not many statesmen today who speak as though they grasped all that that implies now that the coalition has been weakened.

No one conversant with Russia's present condition can blink the deep and disquieting questions it raises or content himself with the cheap solutions of them offered by the buoyant inspirers of allied optimism. Does any competent military authority, who is also at home in foreign politics, seriously believe that it is still open to Russia to retrieve her territorial losses? Is it credible that with the present bewildering *chassez-croisez* of committees of anti-war soldiers, anti-work

laborers, and land-confiscating peasants, Reval and Petrograd can be saved? Is it to be expected that ill-fed soldiers will sacrifice their lives in battle knowing that their Government wants peace? The one sane conception of a national army, its objects, constitution, and methods runs diametrically counter to that grotesque travesty of it which has been set up—with the loftiest intentions and most sinister results—by the men at present in power. In Russia, if material conditions did not render the efficient prosecution of the war almost impossible, the lack of will in the governing circles would. Have the Allied Governments realized this and drawn the theoretical and practical consequences from it?

My own conclusion from what I know and believe of Russia is that her Allies, while bestirring themselves to draw her out of the Slough of Despond, would do well to gauge the ways and means of their common undertaking without reference to her military aid. And if she is not with them on the battlefield, will she be with them in the council chamber?

The reaction of the internal condition of a country on its attitude towards international problems opens up a set of questions which it is the fashion systematically to blink. Thus we lightly assume that the will and ardor and energy of the first days of the war have maintained themselves everywhere unabated during the years of reverses and disillusion that have elapsed since then. This is a dangerous error. One of the first cares of those who are responsible for the conduct of the campaign should be to elucidate the present mood of all the Entente peoples, to assess the moral resources on which they still can draw, and to define their present conception of the common task. If this were efficiently done, the helmsman of the Entente

might be enabled to become to some extent the master instead of remaining the instrument—as he now is—of the forces that are shaping the world's destinies.

It would need gifts of vision more penetrating than any of which our statesmen have as yet given proof to size up the present convictions and sentiments of our continental Allies and to estimate the influence of these on the conception of their future action. To say that those feelings and beliefs have undergone a certain change is to state what everybody admits offhandedly but few realize thoroughly. In France the Socialists have recently made a move which the initiated confidently expected, but which seems to have passed almost unheeded by the political watchmen in their conning towers. The circumstances that they ousted M. Ribot from office and refused to join M. Painlevé's Cabinet mean nothing new in themselves. It is the motives that set a fresh and significant impress on these acts. They were inspired by a firm resolve to turn over a new leaf in foreign policy and to accept all the consequences which that change may entail. Among these are the abolition of secret agreements and double-dealing moves, the repudiation of all desire for territorial aggrandisement, the publication of the Allies' peace conditions, the control of the armies by civil delegates, the exploitation by the State of national resources, and other kindred innovations.

That program, to my thinking—and I have had it explained by one of its principal authors—marks a new phase of international politics, and is fraught with consequences on which this is not the place to discant. *Sapientibus Sat.* In Italy, too, things are moving. The resolutions arrived at by the Cabinet which recently* held

*On September 13th.

two sittings to discuss the general political situation as affected by the questions of food and fuel have not been, probably will not be, made public. But the state of unrest in certain cities and provinces of the Peninsula is causing more disquietude perhaps than is really warranted by the episodes to which it gave rise. In Turin the food troubles culminated in the destruction of churches and shops, in outrages against persons and property, and in the arrest of many of the rioters. These untoward occurrences are much to be regretted. It would, however, be more deplorable still if a greater symptomatic importance were assigned to them than is warranted by the facts.

If, then, we examine the situation and the outlook as a whole in the light of the changing social ideas, the widening political principles and the narrowing limitations which govern them, we shall arrive at some such formula as this: Every square mile of territory wrested by the enemy in the

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East not only augments the Allies' military and financial task, but also greatly diminishes their means of accomplishing it. Moreover, one of the cardinal elements of the problem, which is hardly receiving sufficient attention, is the present attitude of the millions for whose behoof the war is being carried on, and whose whole-hearted support is even more of a necessity than the active co-operation of Russia. The coalition can still win the war and impose its own peace terms if it becomes one, as the enemy is one, continues the struggle unflinchingly, and utilizes its vast resources to the fullest and perseveres to the bitter end, undeterred by the magnitude of the sacrifices demanded and by the effects of these on its individual members. Not otherwise. For the upshot of the campaign has never to a lesser extent been a purely military question than it is today, when its solution is being affected by the deep and almost unnoticed things which are in silent motion among the allied peoples.

E. J. Dillon.

A VERY INVISIBLE GOD.

Scene: *The Gardens of St. Barnabas' College, Oxford, during the Summer Vacation—A meeting of the Fellows has just been held.*

Speakers: 1, *The Reverend the Dean* [Dean]; 2, *The Junior Fellow—Lieut. on short leave from the Front* [J. F.]; 3, *An elderly Barrister from London* [K. C.]

J. F.: Oh! Mr. Dean, you cannot imagine how blessed is the peace we find here: it is like a glimpse of Heaven after the Hell in which we live out there. "The dreaming spires" rising out of the foliage, the luscious lawn here, "the murmur of innumerable bees" over there seem to raise the soul into Paradise.

DEAN: Yes! my dear boy, those horrors in France, I am sure, must bring home to you what we used to tell you of Church, and Prayer, and God.

J. F.: Not of the old Church at all, nor of its Collects and Creeds! War, Desolation, Death transform all the values. We look up from our Hell sometimes when the barrage ceases, and we see a new Heaven—another God. We have time to think it out when we are resting in reserve. In one or two wakeful nights we think more than in ten humdrum years. A friend sent me out Wells's new book. My conversion to the new Gospel took place in a single night. "I found

God" there and then, as Wells says you do! "Suddenly God came," to use his words. We have chucked all those Athanasian conundrums. I say my prayers now to the Invisible God of our premier novelist.

K. C.: Why "drag in" God, as Jemmy Whistler used to say about Velasquez?

DEAN: I made a point of reading the book, for I knew it would run like a dirty French novel among our young men here. They get hold of a new religion every term—at least a new phase of old beliefs, just as they take to the last new collar. Now tell me, if you reject our Creeds, what do you mean by God?

J. F.: Certainly not the Infinite, Almighty Creator! Our new God is "a personal and intimate God," Wells says. He gets inside you; you feel Him there. "What of me is identified with God is God," as the author says of himself.

K. C.: Can you tell us what member of H. G. W.'s organism is actually Divinity? Your King may be very Invisible, but He seems to be quite tangible. Can we feel Him under your ribs? Give me your arm, old boy, and let me pinch your side. By Jove, I feel the shock of Him, as from an electric battery!

J. F.: Now, none of your Old Bailey chaff! Just read what Wells says about the Bar. My dear Mr. Dean, I remember in your lectures on Plato, how Socrates had a *dæmon*, or "genius," which inspired him with truth. The Invisible King is the "genius" which inspires us with virtue and truth.

DEAN: How do you know that He inspires you with virtue or truth? It may be an evil spirit that inspires vice and falsehood. You have no Bible, no Church, no system of Morals, no evidence of what is right or wrong. You say, you "find God," "God comes," you feel Him inside you. If so, each

person is the sole judge of his, or her, sensations, desires, appetites. Instead of "God the Invisible King," who I trust in Heaven is truly your King, my son, with another Wellsite it might be—Satan the Invisible Devil who gets inside him—not a *daimon* but a *cacodaimon*.

K. C.: Yes! or say, X. the Invisible N., or Zadkiel the Invisible Spook! That is what those spiritualist rascals tell their dupes: they have other-world communications from invisible powers. And why, King? We thought Wells was a hot Republican and proposed in *The Times* the Red Republic! I ask you again—why drag in God? All that you can tell us is that you feel an impulse, a sensation, an itch. How do you know that it comes from any source but your own excited ganglia? The itch inside some men is not always very virtuous. Why call it God?

J. F.: You do not surely mean to call Wells an atheist. If ever a man showed how vehemently he repudiated the accusation—you should really turn to his book and you will see the Sacred Name on every page. Is that not enough?

K. C.: Enough? Why, it is too much! Not only is the "Sacred Name" as you call it the head-line of every other page, but on every page of the text there are five or six more.

J. F.: A great man once spelled God with a g. We take care to keep clear of that.

K. C.: You carry it to the other extreme. I noticed that one page of Wells's book has no less than twelve Gods in twenty-two lines. One would think you were Polytheists!

J. F.: It proves we are not atheists—the essential condition of a new religion.

K. C.: Methinks your new St. Paul "doth protest too much." Yet, he sneers at the unscientific Salvationists

who, he says, "shout about God." Why, all General Booth's drums and pipes never did such "shouting about God." In those two hundred pages there must be more than one thousand "Gods." Indeed, I wonder that the printers did not run short of big G.s. Your King may be invisible, but he is not inaudible, for every page proclaims his Divinity, as the hymn says, like "the starry firmament on high."

J. F.: The true test of a religion is in the profuse appeal to the Sacred Name. As Wells says—"Agnostics and Atheists have got God, but they do not *name* him." Our point is that we name him.

K. C.: Yes! as the priests of Baal shouted out "Baal!" a whole day: but nothing came of it. Baal did not "come." If Agnostics and Atheists "have got God" without naming him, what is gained by naming him? Is it like the Speaker "naming" an M. P.? One would think the only use of *naming* is to save your face with the public.

DEAN: I will not listen to more profane and unprofitable jesting. All this is very sad—very painful to me. If you, my dear young friend, are serious and find peace, as you tell me, in this new form of worship, you who stand hourly in presence of the Eternal Judgment Seat of your Creator, tell me frankly what do you understand by God? Do you mean the Almighty, Infinite, All-wise, All-righteous Author of Man and all things in the Universe?

J. F.: Science teaches us that we can know nothing about the origin of the Universe. Philosophy teaches us that all such terms as the Absolute, the Infinite, the Omnipotent, the Eternal are figments of Schoolmen, metaphysical conundrums.

DEAN: Do you mean that the Being whom you call your God is not the Maker of this world and of all things that are or ever were?

J. F.: Certainly not! How can we, children of modern science, whose whole knowledge is derived exclusively from experience, from the immutable Laws of Nature, we who have got rid of our juvenile teaching about Scriptures and Inspirations—how can we pretend to know anything about the *Origin* of the Universe, much less about its fancied Creator? We go entirely with Agnostics so far. We do not go at all with Atheists, who boast that they *know* there is no God.

K. C.: Well! that is the splendid epigram of Auguste Comte—"Atheists are the most irrational of all metaphysicians." They dogmatically assert a negative about an unprovable hypothesis, as to which rational thought can tell us nothing one way or the other. Surely this is your position too?

J. F.: Yes! so I understand Wells to mean.

K. C.: He has certainly got that basic idea out of Comte, whom he has evidently studied—but takes care not to name.

DEAN: But, my dear young friend, as you look up in some starry night from the trenches and see the thousand millions of worlds above into which a shell may transport your soul in an instant, do you really think they made themselves, or that they came by chance? Do you not imagine that some Power formed and rules them?

J. F.: No doubt there is some Force, some Energy, some *Primum Mobile*.

DEAN: What do you call it, if it be not your God?

J. F.: Wells calls it the Veiled Being.

DEAN: Do you mean a Person?

J. F.: How can we say whether it be He, It, or They? Nothing comes out of the impenetrable Veil.

DEAN: And the Veiled Being is neither Almighty, nor All-wise, nor All-good?

J. F.: How can we say anything of a Something of which we know nothing?

DEAN: And you neither fear nor love the Veiled Being, nor ask from It a blessing, nor adore Its majesty, mightiness, and goodness?

J. F.: Certainly not! The world—Europe today—'o say nothing of Conflagrations in the Universe—reveal hideous waste, chaos, horrors, and enormities, for which we cannot think a good, just, and Almighty Being could make himself responsible. If all this have a conscious Author, he is no friend to Man.

DEAN: The Veiled Being is not your God then?

J. F.: God forbid! Our God "is a personal intimate God—friendly, humane, just, moral, progressive—an altogether *human and social* God."

DEAN: Then you seem to have at least *two* Gods—one a Person—the other a Force, an unintelligible and cryptic Thing, like electricity. You fling aside the Trinity of Christians and embrace a sort of Dualism of the Manichees. The Creed says—"And yet there are not three Gods." The Three Persons are one. But the Veiled Being and the Invisible King are so utterly disparate—one a Person and intimate, the other an impenetrable Thing—that you recognize two Supreme Beings, of whom only one is God.

K. C.: I knew a man at Lincoln's Inn who was asked if he believed in a Third Person of the Trinity. He said he thought "there might be a sort of a something" of the kind. All that you Wellsites seem to know of the Veiled Being is that it is "a sort of a something"—a sort of God—a nameless Entity—a possible but anonymous Creator—with some kind of mysterious relations to the named personality of your "intimate God"—together they make a kind of *Hyde* and *Jekyll*—and the inscrutable One

is the "inexorable Jorkins" of *David Copperfield*.

DEAN: Pray let us have no more idle jesting. This is awfully serious to our young soldier, even if the Counselor is incorrigible. My dear friend, tell me what attributes you assign to the Being you name as your God and King. Has he not infinite Power, Goodness, Justice?

J. F.: Power, Goodness, Justice—yes! But infinity is a phrase of "metaphysical nonsense." And we don't specify *attributes* in Thirty-nine Articles.

DEAN: Do you mean that God is "a finite God"—limited in power, and of restricted benevolence, purity, righteousness?

J. F.: Whatever may be his greatness and goodness, he is not Master of the Universe, has no ideal Perfection. He is as the Creed says of Jesus "very God and very Man"—human—relative to Man and to this Earth; he has to do the best he can under the circumstances, as all of us have to do.

K. C.: Well! that is exactly what Comte said of Humanity—which *relatively* to Man and to men was Providence, and *relatively* to this Earth and the creatures in it is the Supreme Being—*nihil majus aut secundum*.

DEAN: You call your King "a finite God." But a finite Being must be limited—subordinate—subject to pressure which he is unable to overcome. Who—or What exercises that pressure on Him?

J. F.: Well, I suppose the Veiled Being does.

DEAN: Then your invisible King must be a minor or secondary God—a sort of Archangel Gabrie', one under the orders of the real Supreme. The God of your dreams then is a subject Power under the dominion of a Veiled Being of whom you say you know nothing. The Supreme Power in the

Universe, as Agnostics admit, may be good to men or bad, might even be the Evil Principle of Oriental mythology. Your King might find himself forced into acts that he could not approve or control.

J. F.: I fear that is what is happening now in France and all over Europe. Our King is not responsible for these horrors, as your Almighty Providence who rules the world must be responsible. The Bible tells you that not a sparrow falls unless by his will. Does he will the fall of all those millions in Europe and Asia? We avoid that dilemma of the old Theology.

DEAN: Your King is not your Providence then?

J. F.: No! How could he be, unless he were Almighty? Our King does not practise any *magic*—no *legerdemain*—no “signs and wonders.”

DEAN: You mean he is unable to work miracles—cannot suspend the Laws of Nature—as the Creeds assume for the Virgin Birth—the Resurrection—the Ascension in the body of our Saviour into Heaven.

J. F.: Oh! all that surely is “a back number,” as they say of serial novels. Wells is a first-class man of science—took degrees in the Physical Science exams. He is the last man to listen to old myths about a miraculous anything.

K. C.: Your Invisible King certainly is no “back number.” Your new God is “a good seller,” as publishers put it in their advertisements.

DEAN: A truce to your gibes, my learned friend! I want to ask the young convert if the Divine King he worships is like or unlike to the meek, submissive, patient Jesus who endured upon the Cross agony for Man’s sake, without an effort to free his limbs from torment?

J. F.: Our King is quite unlike the mild martyr who preached the Sermon on the Mount. “It is not by suffering

that God conquers death, but by fighting,” as Wells puts it. Our King is a militant God, a hard-hitter, “a rebel” like Prometheus—does not take it “lying down” at all.

K. C.: He seems to be a copy of the Kaiser’s “Good old German God.” I trust that he is himself a clean fighter.

DEAN: Alas! one fighting for dear life too often does things he regrets to have done. If your God revels in “the surpassing glory of the struggle and the inflexible will to live and prevail,” as Wells describes it, might he not be beaten in the battle, I suppose with the Veiled Being and his demons; and then his worshipers would be left adoring a King who was prostrate and helpless—a victim to Satan?

K. C.: Rather, I would say that your King is an understudy of his Satanic Majesty! Those are almost the words of Milton’s Satan in the infernal Council. Perhaps, Nietzsche’s Superman is your idea of God?

J. F.: No doubt Wells has borrowed a good deal from *Zarathustra*, which is going strong in wartime. Of course, having got free of Gospel, Creed, and Church, we don’t go about like Salvation lasses singing hymns to “Blessed Jesus, meek and mild”—much less, like nuns in a convent, do we invoke the Virgin Mother and her babe. The new religion is one for men—fighting, ardent, hot-blooded, men of action. Our God is “a rebel, unfilial, militant.” He is Courage—he is Youth—he is Love, manly, not sentimental Love. That is why he appeals so keenly now to us at the Front, where Courage, Youth, and Love are having a real high time of glory and joy.

K. C.: Oh! you reply to the Hun’s Hymn of Hate with a Hymn of Love—eh?

DEAN: My dear young man, all this is simply painful to me. If this

is what war breeds in our fighting men, its moral evils are even worse than its physical horrors. You say your God is Love, do you mean the same as what the Gospel means—God so loved man that he gave his only son to redeem him? Do you love God as Christians do?

J. F.: Well! He stands by us and we stand by him. By Love we mean standing by one's mate, one's girl, our captain, our regiment, our country. We don't mean any mystical exaltation of the spirit, as the old hermits and nuns fancied they had rapturous yearnings towards Christ and Mary. The Invisible King within us stirs one like the silent signal to go over the top.

DEAN: But how do you know that he stirs you to do what is right? He may stir you to do your duty as a soldier—that is the ordinary virtue of manliness and patriotism, in which no invisible king is wanted at all. But as you now have thrown away Gospel, Prayer-book, Psalm—and have no sacred volume—not even a Koran or a Zendavesta—have not even an authorized code of Morals, you have nothing but your own impulses to guide you.

J. F.: What else do we need?

DEAN: Inward impulses are most elusive and deceptive. Sometimes they are violently evil. I trust yours are all good. But many of your comrades out there and many more at home here have abominable impulses about which they deceive themselves, but which they cannot resist. Do they come from the Invisible King, or how do you think they come?

J. F.: Oh! I suppose there is some sort of Devil somewhere.

K. C.: So now you have worked back to a Trinity of Gods! The Veiled Being first: the Invisible King second: and a possible Devil a bad third!

DEAN: You said just now that your
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Invisible King was Love. Unhappily in these awful times, the word Love has been used out there and at home to cover very terrible forms of vice. What is the law of your God about sexual vice, about fidelity in marriage, about adultery and seduction?

J. F.: Pray don't imagine that the Invisible King is a "sexual God." He is neither male, female, nor neuter. Sex is a matter quite outside the idea of Godhead. No doubt, the Christian God is "a sex-God." Wells says as much. Monks could talk of the Son begotten of the Father and Mary with child by the Holy Ghost. We have nothing to do with all that family nonsense. Sexual things are not to us sacred things as they are to the Churches. "God is not directly concerned with the relations of men and women," as Wells very naturally says.

DEAN: And do you mean that in your religion marriage has no sanctity—no binding force in the eyes of your God?

J. F.: No! we cannot endure any "sexual taboos," any merit in virginity of man or woman. We will not allow irrevocable engagements between man and woman. The law of liberty and individuality forbids it. We intend to reform what they call the Marriage Laws, to recognize free cohabitation between a man and a woman so long as both are willing to continue together. But all that is a matter for the public and for Parliaments. The Invisible King has something to do without interfering in open questions of elective affinities between the sexes.

DEAN: And if the Invisible King stirs one partner—say the man—to break off the union, and the other partner—say the woman—cannot bear this, what then?

J. F.: That is matter for law, convention, society—not for religion. "The

religious passion about sexual things is a barbaric inheritance," as Wells says.

DEAN: Oh! this is more dreadful than anything I had feared. Your Free Love as an anti-religious passion is a truly "barbaric inheritance" from the worst license of later Greco-Roman times, when sexual things were under the patronage of Jupiter and Venus. It is an inheritance from the pornography of Corinth and the Suburra of Rome. How are the vices of the world to be withstood?

J. F.: That is the business of society—of government—not of religion.

DEAN: What is the use of religion if it can only sneer at what you call the "sexual taboos" of Christians, and mock at their "religious passion" about sexual things, and yet offers no substitute or remedy to stem the flood of vice? I trust you are not tarred with that brush, but in these cruel days we hear of pitiful cases on all sides. The other day a poor woman whom I know well came to me in an agony of grief. Her husband, who was training as a sergeant in the A. S. C., had carried off a young woman whom he had met at a canteen, and was deaf to all that could be said by her mother and his own wife. Did the Invisible King prompt that? did it check him? will it punish him?

J. F.: The Invisible King does not interfere in family likes and dislikes. I daresay, it made the sergeant feel sorry and pay up what he ought to pay for his frolic. No doubt "his beast got loose," as Wells says, it will do, in spite of our King.

DEAN: Feel sorry!—pay up! Is that all the new Gospel can teach? I shall hear no more of this blasphemous ribaldry. I am going back to my rooms to prepare my sermon in St. Mary's tomorrow. I am sick at heart and sorry to have listened to such talk. May God in Heaven of

his mercy forgive you and turn you one day to Himself.

[Exit the DEAN.]

J. F.: Really, the dear old Dean seems quite upset! I did not open on him about our new religion until he opened upon me with tags from his old sermons in Chapel about Prayers. He seems "real mad," as our Yankee comrades so often say.

K. C.: My dear boy, you will find the world will soon be "real mad" too, if you go on in public about your Invisible God and your "sexual taboos."

J. F.: Well! but you do not hold with the Dean and his High-and-Dry Churchism?

K. C.: No! I am Agnostic about all that as much as you are.

J. F.: Surely you agree with me that H. G. Wells is a deep thinker, a man of genius?

K. C.: A brilliant writer certainly; for no man could pour out such a string of popular novels and have such a wide literary success unless he were a fine, a really brilliant master of English style. Yes! he certainly has some genius too. His early insight into the vast possibilities of aerial transit, even of aerial warfare, marks him out as a thinker of rare imagination and originality. He is hardly a pioneer of mechanical invention, like Edison or Marconi. Wells did not discover anything himself; still he recognized the unlimited future opened by the discoveries of others. And now, after having had his shot at most things on earth below, he has taken an aviation flight up to Heaven, and has tried an aeroplane snapshot at the old Theology below. Yes! Wells has genius. The *Invisible King* is first-rate copy for the Press.

J. F.: I am glad you recognize his genius. And he has vast learning and knowledge.

K. C.: Oh! gently, my son! He is a

very clever man—what the Yankees call "tarnation cute." He has picked up a good deal of physical science, the rudiments of mechanics and a smattering of history, with the common-places of Evolution and Socialism. But he really knows no more of any system of social philosophy or of scientific psychology than one of those clever pupils of Jowett who used to come to be examined for our Fellowships.

J. F.: But in the *Invisible King* Wells has founded a new religion. When a man of genius invents a new religion, in the midst of a social and moral upheaval, he does not need what you call any system of "social philosophy," any cosmogony, or "scientific psychology."

K. C.: When Moses and Aaron revealed the Pentateuch, or St. John discovered the Trinity in Unity, there was no need of philosophy or science—of which they and their people knew nothing. Nor did the Mystics of the Middle Ages, nor of the Reformation; nor did Joanna Southcott, nor the Negro ranters in Alabama. All of them poured out new Revelations about God and Spirit and Love, just as your *Invisible King* pours out from the internal sensations.

J. F.: Oh! where is the analogy between Wells and a ranter?

K. C.: The *Invisible King* "calls men to his service," without any other title of office except the personal consciousness of each of his followers. One of these *Invisible Kings* founded an Agapemone which the Police had to close. The world is full of cranks. The other day some one sent me from New York a book with the grotesque title: "The Worship of Gawd by a Preferer of God."

The motto on the title-page was:

A poetical preaching
To Pulpit and Pew
On False Faiths in Ferment
And old Truths still new.

I remember a foreign fiddler who once told us that he had invented a new religion "in a moment of depression." He did not say whether God had called him to his service. We heard no more of it.

J. F.: But new Ideas do come suddenly, especially just now.

K. C.: Impromptu new Gospels have always been common in ages of excitement, in revolutions and wars. The crowd is always ready to listen to Shakers and Jumpers, or to Hyde Park Anarchists. But now, when science and scientific philosophy and the evolution of civilization as a whole are indispensable bases of any progress, much more of any progress in religion, to talk about inventing a new religion out of one's personal consciousness is only putting new words to a Salvation Army's hymn.

J. F.: Surely I have heard you talk about Auguste Comte and his religion of Humanity?

K. C.: Comte did not pretend to draw his faith in the Future of Man out of his own inside—the sensations of his abdominal ganglia. He did not "find" Humanity one morning. It did not "come suddenly" into his own moral (or immoral) consciousness. When Humanity, so to speak, "came," it was the outcome of a vast evolution of thoughts about Man and the World—down from Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Moses, St. Paul, Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Descartes, Bacon, Hume, Kant, Condorcet, to modern scientific philosophy. Comte spent a life of labor and meditation in fusing together the thoughts of great minds about Man and his relations to the World. He did not pretend to make any new discovery. He sought only to systematize, to organize, to spiritualize the profoundest convictions of the ancient and the modern world which he had assimilated in a life of intense study and meditation. He

was a philosopher—not a novelist.

J. F.: Wells says all that is "bleak abstraction"—quite "unspiritual."

K. C.: Do you think you can "spiritualize" Agnostic Materialism by sticking in the name of God in every sentence, by sneering at everything the name of God means to religious minds, and by jeering at those who honestly believe in the Providence of an Almighty and All-Good God?

J. F.: But Positivists do not believe in anything of the sort.

K. C.: No! but they feel and they show sincere respect and sympathy for all forms of real and serious faith which in the long history of Man have comforted the Soul and have guided the heart in paths of purity and goodness. Positivists seek only to develop, to explain, to spiritualize, and humanize the Creeds of the Past. They insult none of them. Wells says—"Without God the service of Man is no better than a hobby." Positivists would reply—Without a social philosophy

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and a social morality, both entirely based upon scientific reason, the service of Man can be nothing but imposture.

J. F.: And you say that Wells gets his Invisible King from Comte?

K. C.: What is rational, new, and really religious in the book—and for one I find in it a good deal of such—is obviously borrowed from Comte who is the Invisible prompter, but is not named at all. Persons who buy a second-hand book usually paste their own book-plate over that of the first owner. To hear you talk about "sexual taboos," meaning the decencies of civilized morality, reminds me of Oscar Wilde's erotics. My dear boy, when you have spent forty years of study on the history of Science, Philosophy, and Religion, you may begin to lecture us on the new religion. But if you insult the faith and ridicule the morality of the age, you will find yourself boycotted as a rather flippant iconoclast.

Frederic Harrison.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER V.

YESTERDAY'S ROSE.

Octavia Sweeney was very tall, as tall as John himself. She was pale, with irregular features and level brows under masses of red-brown hair. It was a face of contradictions. The irregular features and the cloudy hair had a queer piquancy: above them the grave brows and the mysterious eyes, gray-hazel shot through with golden lights, had an almost quaint seriousness. Nature had altered her first intention of making Octavia's face classical, and the muse of Comedy laughed from her dimples and her pale red lips. She was wearing a milk-

maid frock of blue print, which showed her strong little brogues; and she had on a wide hat—quite a cheap hat John felt vaguely, with a blue and white scarf twisted around it. The daughters of the farmers round about, of whom an impoverished but cheerful landlord had remarked that they put his rents in their garments, would have justly appraised the cheapness of Octavia Sweeney's get-up.

John forgot his manners and stared at her. Did American "Stores" grow creatures like Miss Octavia Sweeney? There was a vague baffling suggestion of the Bird of Paradise about her for all her simple dressing.

"I hope you like Cloughaneely, Miss

Sweeney," John said, with a curious feeling of shyness. For the first time he was aware of his shabby clothes, the hole in his hat through which the hair protruded, the patched and dusty shoes.

"It's just too lovely for anything," Miss Octavia answered, her baffling eyes fixed on John. "We're so happy to be here. Just fancy, Mr. McGrady, Poppa would not bring me before. He thought I'd look down on Ireland. He did not know his own daughter."

She put her hand through her father's arm and walked between him and John, overtopping Mr. Sweeney by some inches. There came along the street Father Hennessey, a tall young man with a plain, kindly, humorous face and delicate bowed shoulders. Mr. Sweeney stopped to speak to him, telling John and his daughter that he could catch them up.

"Poppa doesn't want us around while he talks to Father Hennessey," Octavia remarked. "He's been here so often: he knows everyone, and there's always a deal to talk about."

"He is very good to the people," John replied. "He leaves a crop of good deeds behind him. Father Hennessey is his almoner. I know he doesn't like his good actions talked about."

"That's just like Poppa. He read me a lecture as long as your arm on the iniquity of giving pennies to those perfectly adorable children. He said it vulgarized him and pauperized them. I know he looked perfectly grim when he arrived on the spot. He don't care about his daughter's pleasure. I said they deserved the pennies for having such blue eyes. He said it was breaking his heart to see them beg and a child of his encouraging them. Poppa's just too earnest for words when he gets on to this old country."

"He is quite right," said John, and a shadow came to his eyes. "You

do the children a bad turn when you encourage them to beg."

"Goodness!" said Miss Octavia. "Don't you turn on to scolding, too. I should think Poppa will make Father Hennessey tired. Come in and see what I've been doing."

They crossed the street to the cottage by the post-office. John had often gone in there, to sit an hour with Mr. Sweeney in the kitchen, which was as like the cabin of old as was possible in those days of "hygeene," as Mr. Sweeney called it. Mr. Sweeney was half-regretful about the cabin, as he remembered it, with the clay floor into which the puddles came when it was wet weather, the fire of twigs, often green twigs, on the hearth, the ever-open half-door through which the impudent fowls came incessantly, incessantly to be driven forth. In the first years of his occupation of the cottage Mr. Sweeney had consented, only half willingly, to a boarded floor and a proper fireplace.

The room was indeed different from what John remembered it. A table stood in the center, on which was a reading-lamp and a picturesque disorder of books and papers, with a strip of embroidery in beautiful colors by a dainty work-basket. The dresser had something new in the shape of some very gay crockery with sprawling flowers and queer birds upon it. There were books in hanging shelves against the wall. A couple of chairs covered in chintz stood either side the fireplace. There were a few colored engravings on the wall. Everything looked as if it had come there by accident, by happy accident. It had "an admired disorder."

John sniffed the air. There was an odor in the room, something heavenly to John, who had not his mother's associations; she had spared him this one, which ever afterwards he was to associate with Octavia Sweeney.

It came through the little square window, set in the deep wall, which stood ajar.

"Miss Horan's lilies," said Miss Sweeney. "The garden's full of them. Isn't she just too cunning? I had to have some in a pot."

There were some in a pot, scenting the place deliciously. They were in a tall blue pitcher in the shadow of the little window. As he got used to the dimness, coming from the sunny street, John became aware of a piano in the corner. The lilies seemed to lean their delicate long lances against the dark wood of the piano, above which hung "The Dream of St. Ursula," an autotype in soft brown coloring.

"You *have* changed it," said John. "It is changed out of knowledge."

"I hope not. I don't see myself changing it so that Poppa's old dreams will be turned out of doors. It was his own doing. He's downright ridiculous about what he thinks will do for me. Am I pie-crust, Mr. John? Am I a jewel to be wrapped in cotton-wool? It is all Poppa's doing. 'What was good enough for your old Pop,' he said, 'isn't good enough for a fine young lady like you, Octavia.' I do hope I haven't turned my Poppa's dreams out-of-doors. I should just adore to sit with my heels in the ashes as he did. He used to sit right there on the floor, he says; only then the floor was damp when it wasn't wet. You'd think it was just being in the courts of heaven to sit in a mud bath and share it with the fowls. My Poppa must have looked too quaint for anything, I guess, sitting there where his mother had put him down, and sucking a crust till the family mongrel or the chickens took it away from him. He remembers the night quite well and the blackness beyond the half-door, and the things that used to look in at him out of the dark

till the hair stood up on his little flaxen head."

John looked around him. He could see the child that Mr. Sweeney was long ago, sitting on the cabin floor. There was still something of the child in those gentle and innocent eyes which contradicted all the rest of Mr. Sweeney's face.

"Poppa's delighted with a young poet of yours here, Padraic Colum. He found the little boy he was in a poem by Mr. Colum. I'm more set on Yeats. Isn't he just too weirdly lovely? I always read him when I go on the cars in New York, or when I'm bothered. He seems to take you away from the hustle."

Mr. Sweeney joined them at this moment. "Octavy been showing you round, sir?" he asked, with a beaming face. "It's a nice little place now. I haven't had time yet to ask Octavy how the cooking's to be done—and the washing-up—and the chores generally. It don't seem fit for a kitchen now Octavy's come. What have you done with Christina, eh?"

"Christina's got to wash up and do all the messy work in the lean-to shed at the back. For the cooking you shall taste a chafing-dish lunch for once in your life. You're not going to have your digestion messed up by Christina as long as I'm here and the chafing-dish. Will Mr. John stay?"

John blushed and accepted—provisionally. He had something to do for his mother. Madam McGrady conducted a deal of business through the post-office. John had to collect what had come by the eleven o'clock post. There was yesterday's *Times* for his father; there was the *Queen* for his mother. The Howards sent the *Spectator* every week. Madam had bidden John the last thing not to forget to ask for a packet from a Dublin shop, containing materials for making lace,

an art in which she had attained proficiency.

If he did his errands and hurried back he would be in time for the chafing-dish lunch. Sir Anthony was at home today and Madam would not miss John. She would like to hear about the chafing-dish lunch afterwards.

At the post-office, he found, in addition to all the things he had expected, a new volume of poems which he had ordered for his mother out of the gains of the salmon. He had not thought it could come so soon.

Miss Horan brought it out from among the small stock of stationery on the shelf at the back of the post-office with a hesitating air.

"Is it for you, Mr. John?" she asked. "It's addressed to you, but I didn't think you'd care for such nonsense, all about love and such things."

She blushed faintly as she said it. Miss Horan became prettier and prettier as she grew older. She was a delicate virginal little spinster, very fond of her flowers, which she had in all manner of odd receptacles about the post-office, so that it was a fragrant place. Her thickly planted garden grew to the walls at the back, and a window opened on the flower-beds exactly corresponding to the window in the next-door house.

"You shouldn't read such nonsense as that love-poetry, Mr. John," she said. "It would be better to be thinking of your latter end and how to prepare for it."

John laughed—a fresh, cheerful laugh, somewhat unexpected from one of John's absent-minded and dreamy ways.

"You're not thinking of your own, Miss Horan," he said. "Lord Dunmore said to me only yesterday that you grew younger and prettier every day."

"Lord Dunmore is a great humbug," Miss Horan said, coloring again. "I

wonder Lady Dunmore doesn't keep him in better order. There isn't a woman he can pass without a compliment, even a poor old woman like me. I wouldn't like him to be gone out of it," she ended with a sigh. "The likes of Lord Dunmore should never grow old. Stamps—you want stamps, Mr. John? Come this way."

John followed Miss Horan into the room which he had known from babyhood. It was an oddly fascinating room to a child. Even yet John felt drawn to the little aquarium in the glass-lidded box, to the bottle into which Miss Horan's sailor brother, drowned long ago in a terrible ramming accident in the Solent, had contrived to get a wooden cross, with a ladder, the nails, the sponge, and all the instruments of the Crucifixion. There was a kaleidoscope of which small John had never tired, and there was a case of butterflies, several old scrap books, a screen covered with pictures, and many other delightful things.

Miss Horan's parlor, which still kept the clay floor, smelt more sweetly of lilies even than the Sweeneys' cottage. The lilies were marshaled round Miss Horan's little altar in one corner, like so many young angels sword in arm.

"You don't mind the smell of the lilies," she said to John. "Some people think them very heavy. I think them lovely. I'm quite sure we'll find them growing in heaven. Is it a shilling's worth, Mr. John? I hope her ladyship's keeping well; I saw her go by yesterday in the little pony-trap. And what do you think of Miss Sweeney?"

"Miss Sweeney is not to be discussed in a few words," returned John, putting the stamps into his shabby pocket-book, "and I'm in a hurry, Miss Horan."

"Sure, what would you be in a hurry for? Isn't there plenty of time

to be doing things in this place? 'Tisn't like as if you were up in Dublin to be run off your feet with the amusements and the life of it."

"That's true," John assented, trying to get away, but held by Miss Horan, who wanted to talk to some one about Miss Sweeney.

"She's a beauty, isn't she?" she said. "She'll be getting some compliments from Lord Dunmore. He was leaning over the counter for half-an-hour yesterday—I wonder he wouldn't have more to do. Isn't she a grand-looking girl to be Mr. Sweeney's daughter, and him so plain? And she's real humble too."

"She dresses very plainly," said John, begging the question. In his own heart he was amazed at Miss Sweeney; though he had picked up from his miscellaneous reading the knowledge that America can produce in the second generation the finished article. He had met one dazzling American, Maimie Garden, who had come on a visit to Lady Dunmore. Many people, attracted by Lord Dunmore, came to stay at Mount Curlew. Lord Dunmore was a retired Irish judge, witty, intellectual and charming, who had fluttered a thousand feminine hearts before he came to make a little quizzical love to pretty Miss Horan, who in the fifties was a yesterday's rose.

"Well, if you must go, you must go," said Miss Horan. "So you're coming back to lunch with Mr. Sweeney and Miss Octavia. A queer heathenish name, I call it. Why not Bridget? She's a pretty creature and so friendly. Listen, Mr. John—he's a real common little man, you'd think he slept in his clothes. But she's got six trunks, and the names of Rome and Paris are printed on them, and other names I can't remember. And she has lovely clothes. I lifted the lid of one trunk—I'm keeping the most

of them upstairs for her—and there were the loveliest things—all silk and lace: it was night-wear too I came upon. I wonder she'd care to wear the like in bed. I'd be wearing it for dresses if I had it. Wouldn't Lord Dunmore pay me the compliments?"

John dragged himself away from these revelations, laughing and a little shy. Miss Horan was apt to forget that he was a man. Since she had known him from babyhood her gossip forgot to be discreet.

"I don't believe she packed them herself," she went on, accompanying John to the door. "Would she have a maid?—Dinny Sweeney's girl! Many a time me and him played at hop-scotch out there on the flags before M'Groarty's door till old Patsy'd run out with the sweeping-brush and scatter us. It makes me feel young again to look at her. Did you see the books she's got, Mr. John? There's a lot of them poetry. And the pictures on her wall! Sure we're not too bad in Cloughaneely with the like of her coming into it. It amuses my thoughts, Mr. John. Before she came and Lord Dunmore there wasn't much happened at all, you being the only one of the family at home."

She ended on a weary little sigh as she turned away to sell a penny stamp to a small urchin. There had been a time when Miss Horan had wearied of Cloughaneely and gone out into the world. She had come back with the bloom gone from her youth. Her grandmother, whom John remembered, a somewhat grim old lady, had said that Lizzie ought to have been contented where she was: that for her part she'd never found Cloughaneely dull, and that she was afraid Lizzie had got notions. She was so finicking; she could have married well even after she had come back if she hadn't objected to the man as being too old.

"Notions never did any good to a girl," said old Mrs. Horan. "Her mother was just the same. A bit above her place and too delicate to be much good to Michael on the farm."

But all that was ancient history in Cloughaneely. It furnished no more than an opportunity to the young girls, who found Miss Horan's ways too finicking, to say: "Sure the world knows the old thing was crossed in love," and to conclude the speech with a toss of the head and a giggle.

Perhaps it had helped to make Miss Horan as pretty as she was in her old age, with the pinkness of cheek, the light in her blue eyes, the smile which was half a sigh, that Lord Dunmore liked to provoke. Lord Dunmore had said of Miss Horan, fifty-two years old, that she was the prettiest woman in the countryside; and a discriminating neighbor had remarked that with Lizzie Horan, it was a day older and a day prettier with her.

"There's something different about Lord Dunmore," remarked Miss Horan with a sigh. "He hasn't the contempt for an old maid that the other people have. You'd really think he liked talking to me. Of course he talks a deal of nonsense, but he's pleasant all the same."

CHAPTER VI.

"YOUTH IS FULL OF PLEASURE."

Miss Sweeney gave John the most delicious lunch he had ever eaten.

They sat down to a table set with several knives and forks and pretty glasses, but no tablecloth, except a strip of lace which John knew to be beautiful. There was a silver dish, a lamp lit under it, in front of Miss Sweeney. Miss Sweeney discoursed learnedly on sauces while she prepared the first dish, her white hands moving over the delicious witches' brew of eggs, mushrooms, cream, and other things to which John could not give a

name. While the brew simmered she talked of the very latest matters in art and music and literature, naming names which often had no meaning to John. Sometimes a name glittered. Miss Sweeney had a friend, Susan Marion Rix, who lived in London, Paris, and Rome, all the time, with occasional excursions to other places of interest. Susan had said that America was played out. It had no scenery she could not better in Europe, and it had no thrills. Life in Europe was made up of thrills. She made it a point of knowing everyone who was doing anything. When a man had reached a certain point in his advance towards greatness Miss Rix came to see him and asked him to dine at the Ritz-Carlton. As she was a very pretty girl, and dressed audaciously in the latest fashion, the invitations were generally accepted. If there was a family to the genius, Susan did not neglect the family. If the genius happened to be a lady Susan's pursuit of her was no less ardent.

"When a genius is on the up-grade Susan Marion Rix knows the psychological moment," said Miss Sweeney. "I expect the geniuses ask each other: 'Has Miss Rix of Schenectady yet called?' It is a sort of Fame knocking at their doors when she comes."

"Does she never get snubbed?" John asked, innocently.

"I don't think so," said Miss Sweeney, ladling the delicious food the chafing-dish contained into plates so hot that Christina had to hold them in the corner of a not over-clean apron as she conveyed them to John and Mr. Sweeney—"Susan doesn't get snubbed, at least not by the men. She says that no male genius can stand out against an intelligent interest in his compositions and a Paris frock. You can't be so sure of the ladies. Ladies sometimes don't like Susan—if they're dowds."

"I wonder any of them can stand out against the figure of fun Susan made of herself at that London garden party you took me to in June, Octavy," Mr. Sweeney said, tucking his napkin in at his neck in the manner he found most comfortable.

"Susan don't know how not to do it," Mr. Sweeney went on. "Not even Susan can stand up against a helmet on her head, sandals on her feet, a Roman toga to her knees, and her neck as bare as her ankles; and both very bare."

John had an immediate picture of Miss Rix.

"Like Britannia on a penny," he said.

"Nothing like so respectable," said Mr. Sweeney. "It's the latest Paris mode. I asked Susan if she came through the streets like that, and she said she did, that she wouldn't have missed it for anything. She thinks a London crowd downright witty."

Miss Sweeney was putting the flesh of a lobster into the chafing-dish, with a cupful of cream and a squeeze of lemon juice, while her father explained Miss Rix. While the lobster was simmering she brought in a bottle of wine which she had set to warm in the sun.

After lunch Mr. Sweeney took his stick and went off to see Father Hennessey, leaving Octavia to entertain John. She promised him some music when Christina had carried away the dishes and the smell of food was cleared out of the little kitchen. Meanwhile she invited him to come and help her to wash up in the back kitchen. Some of the things they had used were too precious to be entrusted to Christina, whom Miss Sweeney declared dispassionately to be the champion quick-breaker.

The back kitchen had been provided with a little white tiled sink fitted with glass shelves above it for the crockery. It was spotlessly clean

and shining. In the deep window-shelf facing Miss Sweeney as she washed up there was a bowl of sweet peas. From outside came a mingled rich odor of pinks and many roses, including the sweetbriar bushes; through it all and dominating it all the smell of the lilies.

Miss Sweeney had rolled up her sleeves above her elbow, displaying white, beautifully-formed arms. She had put on an overall before setting to work. The holland became her red-brown hair and hazel eyes—or were they hazel? John could not be sure that they were not gray—or were they green? No; they were hazel; or brown with just a suggestion of gold as she faced the window light.

They were long eyes which ought to have been languishing because of their shape, but they looked at him from under the level brows with the bright fearlessness of the American woman. He had glanced bewilderedly at Miss Sweeney's beautiful arms. There was a suggestion about her hands as though they should have carried a number of rings instead of being in bare simplicity.

John had never seen anything like Miss Sweeney before, and she dazzled him. He turned away his gaze from her arms and hands, ashamed that he had stared: as a matter of fact he had barely glanced at them. Miss Sweeney was putting a clean towel into his hands.

"Now," she explained, "you are to dry the things very carefully. Hold them in the left hand and dry and polish with the right."

The "things" were gold-colored glasses of a queer tall, narrow shape, richly gilt. They glittered oddly, as oddly as Miss Sweeney's hair and eyes, in the little kitchen which retained so much of what it had been when Denis Sweeney had sat on the floor and dreaded

The peering of things
Above the half-door.

"I always liked boys," Miss Sweeney imparted to John with a confidential air as she washed up. "You see, in America boys and girls go to school together. The boys were always real good to me. There was a boy named John Bangs. He was downright careful. He used to fetch me home from school when I was only *that* high, just so little." (John saw an enchanting vision of Octavia Sweeney, little and lovesome, and was suddenly jealous of the unknown John Bangs.)

"He used to carry me when I was tired," went on Miss Sweeney, with an air of dreamy retrospection. "I was six and he was sixteen. He used to put on my overshoes and my gloves and tie my hood under my chin. I adored John Bangs. I always thought I'd marry him when I was grown up. He didn't wait for me. He's doing very well in the pork-packing. The last time I saw him he weighed three hundred pounds. They call him Little Sunshine in Chicago."

John's jealousy of Mr. Bangs faded. They had almost finished washing up. Miss Sweeney praised his deftness, showing him how to put the things away on the glass shelves. Afterwards she brought a basin, a fine towel, and a cake of perfumed soap, for John to wash his hands. While he washed them she disappeared and came back presently in a dress of pale-green linen which became her wonderfully.

"I thought we might as well go out and take a basket for some eggs," she said. "I'll play to you after tea. Poppa likes a good tea. We'll make some cakes presently, you and I. Christina can't be trusted to do anything, so I'll have to turn in. I like it. I'm told the woman who lives by the waterfall in your park has eggs for sale."

A remark of Mr. Sweeney's that Octavia ought to be a poor man's wife came to John's mind. But—ought

she? She was certainly very capable: the chafing-dish menu had been delicious. But she had an inexplicable suggestion to John's mind of being accustomed to a life of ease. He supposed Denis Sweeney gave his daughter a good time. There was not much suggestion of luxury about Mr. Sweeney himself.

They went out of the little house and up the cobbled street, past the rows of small houses, the inhabitants whereof came to their doors and gazed at them with an unabashed interest while they greeted them.

"It's a lovely day, Mr. John. I hope the Madam's getting her health, and Sir Anthony?"

The people stared a little curiously at Octavia Sweeney, walking with a firm swaying grace which revealed a thorough gymnastic training. One or two of them curtsayed and bade her the time of day.

"I wonder what they're saying of me?" she said to John. "They don't see many strangers in Cloughaneely, I expect."

John had a sudden intuition of what they were saying, or some of them, for Mrs. Kelly, the wife of Tim the Tinker, had looked at Octavia with a frankly insolent stare.

They were saying: "Isn't it a quare day to see a McGrady of Clew walkin' wid Dinny Sweeney's daughter, an' carryin' her basket, no less?"

Not for worlds would he have shared his knowledge with Octavia.

He felt the absurdity of it. John had arrived at a simple kind of Socialism. The accident of birth was nothing. It only counted if it carried fine traditions and they influenced one. The real aristocracy of the earth were those who were braver, better, wiser, than their fellows. Octavia Sweeney belonged to the elect band by beauty and grace. What was he beside such a creature?

He had no knowledge of his own good looks. He would have thought it a rather contemptible thing to talk of beauty in a man. He knew that he had rough clothes and patched boots and a hole in his hat. He knew that his hair ought to have been cut a fortnight ago at least. He was conscious of many deficiencies in himself, as he had not been before he had seen Octavia's shining perfection. She was perfect, although John could not have told in what her perfection consisted. The stuff of which her frock was made was just such as he had often seen when he went to Ennis or Limerick, in the small drapers' windows.

She turned suddenly and looked at him. They had passed the priest's house, where Father Hennessey and Mr. Sweeney were pacing round and round the grass-plot in front of the house, so deep in conversation that they did not look to see who passed by.

"I should like to know what you think of my Poppa," Miss Sweeney said, with true American directness.

John laughed.

"I can hardly tell," he said. "We're always glad to hear that Mr. Sweeney has arrived, for then we know the summer has come. You see, I've grown up to Mr. Sweeney. You might as well ask me what I thought of my own father."

"The question wouldn't be always safe," Miss Sweeney said. "Just before I left New York I called on Mrs. Kate Bee Candy, who writes poetry that some people rave about. It's in advance of anything that has ever been said before. I don't take much stock in it myself. Well, I couldn't get in a word edgewise. There was a young Futurist poet of whom you may have heard, Elias Pond. He and Mrs. Candy were saying the oddest things. Catharine

Candy was sitting by the window, her knees hunched up to her chin, reading. She's a big-eyed thing of fourteen and she looks gloomy, as well she may, for her mother's been something different every year and nothing for long at a time. It was in her Christian Science year she parted with Mr. Candy. She wanted to have him prayed over when he'd got appendicitis, and he couldn't live with her after that. Catharine lives with her Poppa six months of the year and has a good time. They're just stuck on each other; and it isn't so pleasant coming back to Mrs. Candy and whatever is her newest craze. Catharine looked up at me as I came near her and nodded. 'Ain't Maw a fool?' she said, and went back to what she was reading."

John laughed, but the laugh was a little forced. He was rather shocked at Miss Candy's attitude towards her mamma. The frankness perturbed him.

"It don't amuse you," said Octavia Sweeney. She had an uncanny way, John found, of guessing at his thoughts. "Well, I don't know that it amuses me. Still it's Mrs. Candy's own fault. I felt much the same towards my own Momma, and it's not amusing."

John did not know what to answer. He felt bewildered. His mother was everything to him. She represented all that was noblest and loveliest in life and out of it. There was a niche in John's heart, a shrine in which his mother sat with lights before her and was revered like the Madonna. He had a feeling of the sacredness of all mothers because of her.

"I don't feel that I ever needed a Momma," went on Miss Sweeney. "I hadn't much use for one. Poppa was mother and father both to me. I don't know when I found out that Momma wasn't good enough for Poppa. I expect I was about two.

Momma didn't play fair: she let Poppa work for her all the time, and she sort of looked down on him, and then she left him. I don't call that playing fair."

John felt embarrassed.

"We have a great opinion of your father," he said. "Cloughaneely is rather proud of him. He is very good to Cloughaneely. And it is so faithful of him, coming back year after year."

They had turned off the road by this time and were in the park of Clew. As is the case with many Irish houses, the trees were too close to Clew. They made a dense belt round about it, shutting out air and light. Luckily for the place, the big wind of a few years earlier had driven like a plough-share through the woods, sweeping a clear way before it so that more air and light reached Clew than had been the case previously.

A river flowed through the park—a half-choked lazy river till after the winter rains, when it became surprisingly wide and formidable. They turned and walked along the river-banks, past the boat-house, where there was a miscellaneous collection of craft.

"What are those?" Miss Sweeney asked, indicating some queer flat-bottomed things.

"Homemade punts," said John. "I made them. You couldn't sink them. They've just that advantage. That's a Canadian canoe, as you see. She was once a smart boat, but she's rather old."

"I adore punting," Miss Sweeney said. "Do you suppose I should get drowned if I was to go punting in one of those things?"

"You couldn't," said John, with conviction. "Not even if some one pushed you over and held you down with the punt-hole till you were dead, or sat on your head; or unless you had a cow in the boat. Or——"

An unwonted tide of high spirits was catching John in its laughter. It must be the effect of Octavia. He had been too much with his elders and their cares and sorrows.

"I should just like to go out in one," Miss Sweeney said. "It seems a jewel of a little river. Could we go down that dark way under the trees?"

"You will get yourself wet with the paddle," said John. "It isn't really punting, you see. I'll show you how it is done. But I warn you, you'll get very wet. The boat leaks, too. I'll have to take off my boots."

"What fun!" said Miss Sweeney, gaily. "Suppose we leave our shoes and stockings here with the basket. It don't matter a bit about my gingham. Christina can wash it and I'll make it up myself."

Miss Sweeney was without a hat: the great plenteousness of her waving and curling hair making up for its absence. In a twinkling her little brogues and stockings were off. John was aware of the silky sheen of the stockings which she tossed, rolled to a ball, into the basket. He was aware of her little white, delicately-arched feet in the grass. The next few moments were occupied by getting Miss Sweeney's boat off and instructing her in the use of the paddle. At first she was quite sure she could never manage it. John must keep near lest she should drown. But in a few seconds she had got the hang of the thing. Off they went, side by side, down the green arcade, the paddles sending flying showers of silvery water over their heads and shoulders.

John was no longer afraid of Octavia. It was a boy and girl bit of fun. Miss Sweeney lost her goddess-like air as she splashed John with her paddle, drenching him pretty thoroughly. She had pulled her sleeves up to the shoulders almost because the water ran from the paddle down them, and

her young wet arms gleamed in the sun. The water-drops were on her hair and her face, hanging on John's long thick lashes like heavy tears.

By the time they returned for their shoes and the basket they had made quite a remarkable advance towards intimacy.

(To be continued.)

SOME RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.

Into a famous Paris salon, in 1821, a messenger came bringing the news of Napoleon's death. "What an event!" exclaimed one of the guests. "It is no longer an event," replied Talleyrand, "it is only a piece of news." Many things in life, once events, dwindle into mere occurrences. Even books are not exempt. When we are young a great book is a great event; when we are past youth it is merely something new. The important fact about the sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," is not that Chapman's Homer is a great book, but that Keats was young; else his reading would have gone unsanctioned. When Hazlitt relates with enthusiastic relish of detail how, on the 10th of April, 1798, he sat down to a volume of the "New Heloise" at the inn at Llangollen, the important fact is not the book, and not the concomitant cold chicken and bottle of sherry, but the date; for it was his birthday, and he was twenty. Keats and Hazlitt are starry names; yet what is true of them is true also of the "supplemental asteroids," the nameless many whose joy it is to love books heartily and wholesomely. To me certain Russian novels are so associated with the thrill of youth and discovery, that merely to open one is to beget that golden time again. I was nineteen, just convalescent after my first acquaintance with influenza, eager for reading and plenty of it. Your true bookish convalescent wants not merely something to read, but something to

read at, something substantial enough to be a bulwark against those age-long hours of bed. Scanning a library catalog for intimations, I lit upon a long list of translations from the Russian—Tolstoi, Turgenieff, and Dostoevsky—so the spelling ran in those days, and launched out into that unknown sea. It was then, too, that I read my first Balzac. Altogether, a wonder-time of discovery, when books were events and not merely something new! Of the two less familiar Russians I was entirely ignorant; of Tolstoy I had vaguely heard—Matthew Arnold, for instance, had written of him (with rather surprising sympathy) on the strength of certain French versions. Translations into mere English had left Matthew Arnold unaware of Tolstoy's existence—there is a certain type of Englishman who never knows anything till it is told him in a foreign language. I read some fifteen or twenty of the available Russian novels with eager interest, and with such understanding as my youth permitted; for it is a tribute to the unflinching truth and sincerity of these great stories to say that the very young cannot appreciate them. The emotional climaxes of "Crime and Punishment" may impress even the inexperienced; the epic grandeur of "War and Peace" may carry away any who are old enough to enjoy a tale of battles long ago; but there is so much else that quite escapes the young. Youth does not know enough to understand the tales of Chekhov.

Indeed, those of any age who go to books for nothing but the sentimental illusion must let the greater Russians alone.

In those days we had the Walter Scott edition of Tolstoy. Turgenev was issued, I think, by Chatto or Ward and Lock. Dostoyevsky was published by Vizetelly, whose imprisonment for circulating translations of Zola remains an unanswerable proof of our national hypocrisy. Some of these pioneer issues had an air of being partial and casual. It was a great gain that any translations should exist; it was a pity that they were not more worthy. Some, I think, must have been translated at second hand from the French; some were rendered in the detestable fashion that studs the pages with words in aboriginal Russian and translates them in footnotes. Some, if the bull be permitted, were not translated at all and had to be read in French. Soon, however, facilities multiplied. The Free Age Press began its popular issue of the Tolstoy stories and essays, most of which were presently translated much better by Aylmer Maude. Mrs. Garnett's famous version of Turgenev appeared. Two publishers competed (instead of co-operating) in translations of Tolstoy, and of course had to abandon the enterprise, leaving the field open for an American edition in twenty-four volumes. What a pity it is that some intelligent union of publishers did not assume collectively such a big responsibility. I suggest that the Oxford University Press should now undertake it. Cannot Mr. Nevill Forbes and Sir Paul Vinogradoff persuade the Delegates to rise to a great occasion? There are already enough good versions by Mrs. Garnett and Mr. Aylmer Maude to make an excellent beginning. Surely a great university like Oxford could not today more nobly justify its

existence than by issuing the first worthy and complete translation of one who is not only the greatest of Russian writers, but a supremely great figure in the history of human thought! To circulate among the people translations of the world's great books, modern as well as ancient, seems to me essentially a function of universities. A university should be a center of public enlightenment; to the donnish mind a university is still a cloister. A university should be the home of intellectual courage; it is usually the home of intellectual timidity, where the rule of life is not to be courageous but to be correct. The universities should be the leaders of progress; yet look at the members of Parliament they return! In particular, Oxford and Cambridge, the most ancient and renowned of English universities, should feel it their delight and privilege, as well as their duty, to radiate sweetness and light throughout the whole nation. As it is, all that Oxford and Cambridge contribute to the general happiness is the Boat Race. The digression is, I fear, unpardonable; but I still insist that Oxford should give us a national translation of Tolstoy.

It is not necessary to cite in detail all the books that appeared during the awakening of interest in Russia just before the war—versions of Gorky and Chekhov, Maurice Baring's "Landmarks in Russian Literature," and so forth. Nor need we say much about the books of semi-political interest, some of them, no doubt, influentially inspired. The Revolution has not merely put them out of date; it has put them out of existence, except as warnings. They are as dead as last year's *Old Moore's Almanack*. The weighty persons who were in the confidence of ministers, and had access to the back doors of ambassadors (to say nothing of those who claimed to

know the intimate soul of Russia) told us precisely nothing at all. My own knowledge of Russian extends little further than a precarious acquaintance with the alphabet; but I could hardly have known less about Russia than the alleged experts. Readers who had confined their attention merely to the translated fiction were far more ready for the fall of autoeracy than all the solemn contributors to all the monthly reviews for years past.

The war has naturally revived our interest in the older writers and brought us into knowledge of the newer. "Everyman" has a capital and thoroughly representative selection of novels by Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoyevsky, and promises more in happier days. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton publish an excellent cheap series called "Great Russian Fiction," containing many treasures new and old. I hope they will continue it. The great translation of Dostoyevsky is still in progress. Chekhov was already represented in Messrs. Duckworth's list; but now a new and complete translation of his stories by the invaluable Mrs. Garnett is appearing among the delightful little volumes of the St. Martin's Library. Mrs. Garnett, whose industry compels me to believe that she is not a woman but a syndicate, has here surpassed herself. Let those who wish to know how beautiful a translation may be turn to "The Duel" in Volume II and read the description of the thunderstorm. From other quarters we are beginning to get the successors of Chekhov. Mr. Secker has given us several volumes of Sologub and Artzibashev. Messrs. Constable have a Russian Library containing volumes of Kuprin, Sologub, and others. Messrs. Maunsel have turned from one distressful country to another, and initiated a Modern Russian Library with several highly interesting volumes. Mention,

too, should be made of a very useful and readable book, "Contemporary Russian Novelists," by Serge Persky.

The latest and most striking edition to the English reader's Russian library is the first volume of Tolstoy's "Diaries," just issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent. Possibly the most interesting revelation it makes is the fact that there is no revelation. In other words, there is no new Tolstoy to know. Tolstoy was Tolstoy from the very beginning. I pointed out in these columns a few years ago that too much importance need not be attached to Tolstoy's celebrated "conversion," simply because he was "converting" through the whole of his long manhood. If conversion means anything, it means a change, a turn in a new direction. But in Tolstoy there is no change, no sudden turn. From "The Cossacks" to "Resurrection" he is essentially the same man. Here in the pages of the present volume, written between his nineteenth and twenty-fourth years, we see him diligently seeking after God, speculating upon the whole duty of man, and struggling, with bitter self-reproaches, against his besetting sins of vanity, gaming and sensuality. Consider such utterances as these: "That is bad for me which is bad for others; that is good for me which is good for others." "Satisfaction of my personal needs is good only in proportion as it may contribute towards the good of my neighbor." "The desire of the flesh is personal good; the desire of the soul is the good of others." "Punishment is injustice. It is not possible for man to determine retribution." They are sentences that might have come from the religious writings of his old age; they come from the diaries of his youth, written before he had published a single line. Whatever else the Diary may show, it proves the homogeneity of a dedicated life.

It describes the novitiate, not so much of a novelist, as of an evangelist. In this record of spiritual failures set down with all the noble humility of a saint, we are startled suddenly by such a sentence as this: "There is something in me which forces me to believe that I was not born to be as other men are." This was written when he was twenty-two. Verily men are called of God now as in the days of Samuel! The Diary has other aspects. We have glimpses of the empty and mischievous life led by a young man endowed with rank and wealth. We see a little, too, of the coming author. "Have I a talent" (he writes) "to be compared with that of our modern Russian *littérateurs*? Assuredly I have not." Well, if hard work would give it him he meant to acquire it, for his first sketches of "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth" were written laboriously, canceled, re-written, canceled again, and yet a third time written. There are some brief and delightful vignettes of Caucasian scenes and characters; but, generally, the interest of the Diary is personal. It has its moments of monotony—how should such intense self-scrutiny escape them?—but it is throughout a precious and inspiring document, a lesson and encouragement to all who read it in the right spirit:

Not in their brightness, but their
earthly stains
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly
eyes.
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high
grace;
So we move heavenward with averted
face,
Scared into faith by warning of sin's
pains;
And Saints are lower'd, that the world
may rise.

II.

In Chekhov's tales the characters read Tolstoy; in Artzibashev's they
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read Chekhov; and, no doubt, in circles where the millennium is daily being planned, young Russia reads Artzibashev. And so it goes on. The Russian novelists seem to be as intensely Russian as Dickens is English or Burns Scottish. How have they contributed to the Revolution? What intimations of the great change can we find in those who have depicted not only a people but a place and a spirit? The father of literary nationalism is undoubtedly Gogol (1809-1852), whose satire on serfdom in his novel, "Dead Souls," and on bureaucracy in his comedy, "The Inspector-General," contributed much to the public education. Satire is a slow solvent, but a certain. Gogol's broad, good-natured humor may have had no other conscious purpose than itself; but laughter is a terrible weapon, more deadly than argument. You begin by laughing at a powerful institution, and you end by laughing it out of existence. Laughter beguiles even its ultimate victims. The Emperor and the Court laughed at the mock inspector, whose exploits resembled those of the Kopenick captain, famous in our days, just as the French nobles in 1784 had laughed at "The Marriage of Figaro"; and now the Tsar is as obsolete as the Most Christian King.

The greatest of all influences upon Russia, the influence of Tolstoy, has been largely indirect. Whatever Tolstoy taught directly, it was certainly not Revolution. Of course a personality so powerful joined with an art so persuasive cannot leave humanity unaltered. Tolstoy has shaken the whole civilized world, and with it his own native country. But on the surface his direct teaching was the very opposite of subversive. What he seemed to inculcate was not subversion but submission. Yet here again we see how indirection finds direction out. If you preach non-resistance to the

evils of society, a few may think about non-resistance, but many more will think about the evils. Let the audience of such preaching be some millions of apathetic souls who have learned through age-long habit to suffer evil without hope; startle them with what seems to be the paradox of non-resistance; and what you really do is to show them suddenly all the wrongs they have been enduring. The result is more likely to be revolution than resignation. Life, said Tolstoy to his countrymen, is so full of evil that nothing but good can overcome it; and he illustrated his teaching in those magically simple stories whose beauty comes home to the bosom of the humble and exalted alike. Russia listened to these parables and marked their meaning. A few agreed that evil may be overcome by good; but most agreed that there was much obvious evil to be overcome somehow. And so Tolstoy's doctrine of submission and the revolutionist's doctrine of subversion met as extremes will. Tolstoy, like his Master, came not to bring peace, but a sword.

Turgenev, that Russian of the Boulevards, invented the word nihilism and gave us, in Bazarov, the first nihilist; but his nihilism has no connection with the nihilism of countless melodramas. Turgenev was in no possible sense a revolutionist, and only unconsciously a reformer. As much as any man he helped to give serfdom its death-blow; but he did not write with any deliberate purpose. His sketches bear out the æsthetic doctrine of Browning's "Lippo Lippi," that art makes us aware of what we have passed a hundred times without notice. Turgenev drew his vignettes of country life with an artist's detachment. His sketches are as objective as any art can be. He held no brief for serf against owner. He belonged himself to the owning class. To him the serfs

and the owners were part of the landscape, and he drew them as such; yet from him people suddenly realized what owning and being owned meant. He did not exaggerate or choose exceptional and revolting cases. His very quietness is part of his power. Not every serf-girl was whipped to death to gratify the obscene cruelty of a master and his guests. Serfs were sometimes, perhaps quite rarely, the objects of lust or brutality; but they were nearly always the objects of something even worse, namely, indifference; and the effect of this was purely evil to all concerned. People repent of cruelty; they do not repent of indifference, because the essence of indifference is negation and unconsciousness. Being a slave is bad; but owning a slave is worse. Slavery is an institution that needs for its justification a height of nobility in the owners that humanity has never reached. Indeed, the institution cancels itself out; for the only people fit to own slaves are those to whom slave-owning would be intolerable. What revolts us in Turgenev's stories is not positive inhumanity but the negation of humanity, the terrible indifference of the owners, and the terrible indifference of the owned. Read such a story as "Mumu." Its pathos is almost intolerable, but there is nowhere in it any heightening of the colors, no deliberate bid for tears. The autocratic mistress (who might have been Turgenev's own mother) is drawn with sympathy and understanding; yet the drowning of the poor serf's dog, the one thing upon which the big inarticulate giant could lavish his affection, leaves the reader in such a fury that he becomes the implacable foe of all autocrats whatsoever, no matter how benevolent. The true reformers are not those who confer some long-withheld liberty, but those who teach a nation to demand it.

In this sense Turgenev, whose polished art is the antithesis of pamphleteering, is a real reformer. He wrote serfdom out of existence.

Dostoyevsky is important in the history of Russian liberty less for what he wrote than for what he suffered. He was the living embodiment of autocracy's blind brutality. For an alleged political offense he, the most harmless and innocent of men, was imprisoned, subjected to the frightful ordeal of a mock execution, and then transported to Siberia. The story of that ghastly death-parade told with such moving simplicity by Myshkin in "The Idiot," and the poignantly quiet narrative of prison life in "The House of the Dead" stand as perpetual indictments of official iniquity. Had these stories been mere fiction, they must have had their effect; but young Russia read them with the deeper indignation, knowing that in this way the best-beloved of novelists, so full of pity for the afflicted and distressed, had himself suffered. Dostoyevsky was broken by his martyrdom. The letter he wrote begging for pardon is a painful document, indicating what ravages official cruelty can work upon a tender soul. In his later years, Dostoyevsky was so intensely national that he was prepared to defend even the crimes of Russia because they were Russian; but we are not bound to admire the lapses of a wrecked and tortured genius. The best of him remains. Let us read his testimony with the thought that in England today we have people indistinguishable in intention from the brutes who wrought their worst upon the author of "Poor Folk."

The tales of Chekhov are supreme examples of artistic detachment. Dostoyevsky has been styled, in that easy way of labels, the great Russian realist. But the title is not good. What he certainly can be called is the greatest of emotionalists. No one I have read

has approached him in the power of depicting great and transforming emotional crises. Such scenes as the kissing of Sonya's foot and the silent vigil of Myshkin and Ragozhin in the room where Nastasya lies dead are no more realism than the murder of Duncan or the agonies of Lear. I understand by a realist one who depicts life in its beauty, its plainness, its drabness or its ugliness, as the case may be, without heightening or subduing the colors for any artistic or didactic purpose. From this point of view Chekhov seems to me the complete realist. He has no preference, like some alleged realists, for the dung-heap or the slaughter-house or the asylum. He is not obsessed by nastiness. He does not write as if he had a grievance against man or destiny. He is never sentimental; but then he is never cynical or sardonic. There is nowhere in his stories any attempt to thrill, to horrify, to startle, or to astonish. His tales are not pamphlets, indictments or judgments, nor are they studies in confetti, orange-blossom and iced wedding-cake. He writes with the serene impartiality of an all-seeing and unimpassioned observer, for whom life has no shocks or surprises, and to whom the polite fictions and conventional hypocrisies of existence have become transparent. No doubt many people may find his stories unpleasing. We still want to be deceived about life, and consequently the book-shops are crammed with amiable volumes in which all the world's a musical comedy stage and all the men and women merely a beauty chorus. But we occasionally need someone to tell the truth. The average man clings with painful anachronism to the illusions of his immaturity or else loses them and becomes angrily disillusioned. In the mists of morning St. Pancras Station may look like a cathedral; but it is not a cathedral, and we

are foolish if we insist on praying in it, or on hating it because we were deceived. St. Pancras, for all its sacred name, is a failure as a cathedral, but it is quite a good station. Chekhov does not look for sacraments in a terminus or for trains in a cathedral. He is neither illusioned nor disillusioned; he is simply without illusions. And what astounding wealth and variety there are in his apparently artless art! You read, say, a story like "Ionitch," describing the life of a doctor, from his first eager lovesick youth to his avaricious apoplectic maturity; you see the tragedy of a young girl who forswears love because she thinks she is a great pianist, and, disillusioned, asks too late for the love she scorned; you see a whole family with striking and amusing characteristics grow old before your eyes; and you are astonished to find that it has all been done in twenty-seven pages. "The Black Monk," a most remarkable story, compasses the tragedy of a brilliant intellect gradually collapsing into madness and wrecking other lives in its downfall. The story is on the highest plane of imaginative invention, and is told with a wealth of detail and description; yet it is less than fifty pages long.

What, then, can this detached and unimpassioned artist tell us about the Russia that is being born again? Directly he says nothing; indirectly he says much. Consider the criticism of mere tinkering with the evils of poverty and overwork placed in the mouth of the anonymous person who tells "An Artist's Story." Consider the strong implacable sanity of the zoologist Van Koren's view of life, and the plea for faith and spirit made by the deacon in "The Duel." Consider what a picture of the gracious and benevolent aristocrat he draws in "The Princess"—but consider, on the other side, what a picture he draws of a

modern factory in "A Doctor's Visit." From the mouths of Chekhov's characters you can collect a varying but vital criticism of modern life. The Russia of Chekhov is Russia shaping for a change.

Kuprin, like Turgenev, was a reformer without meaning it. His story, "The Duel," written with no conscious purpose, described certain aspects of military life so vividly that public opinion was aroused, and Kuprin found himself the center of embarrassing admiration. He has some affinity with Chekhov, in his frankness and serenity. "Captain Ribnikov," a most engrossing story of a Japanese spy, contains as its climax a situation which a Frenchman would have described with too much gusto, and which an Englishman would either have sentimentalized or giggled over as "schoking"; but Kuprin, with that curiously simple Russian gravity, takes it calmly as part of the ordinary facts. He illustrates here the quality noted thirty years ago by Matthew Arnold as characteristic of the Russian writers. The Russian artist, says Arnold, "finds relief to his sensitiveness in letting his perceptions have perfectly free play, and in recording their reports with perfect fidelity. The sincerity with which the reports are given has even something childlike and touching." The characters of Kuprin seem later than those of Chekhov: they are more nearly on the eve of change. Teternikov, who writes under the name of Sologub, is a very retiring and industrious author who has been called the successor of Chekhov. His people are the Russians of today, the Russians of unrest, rendered with an artist's sense of poetry and atmosphere. Almost the only writer who seems politically unimportant is Maxim Gorky, who has taken to politics.

In Artzibashev you come to what may be called the Russia of revolt.

His stories, called here "*Tales of the Revolution*," are documents in madness, the madness of a people goaded into violence by hunger, poverty, and brutality. Most of them are incidents in the rising of workmen some years ago, and their lesson is surely too plain to be misunderstood even by politicians. His most popular book, "*Sanine*," is a symptom of unrest—a general description applying, indeed, to half a century of Russian fiction. From *Rudine* to *Sanine* there is a long line of characters all of the same type—futile, melancholy, thwarted, frustrated, all like people caught and held by invisible bonds. Some are resigned, some struggle with varying efforts, but with a sense that there is no use in struggling. They are cruel to themselves and to each other. They are like ill-managed children who whimper or quarrel through sheer boredom or irritation. Natural conditions explain something, but not all; for it is the gift of civilized man that he can surmount the hardships of nature. The Russia that emerges from the descriptions of its writers is a land of endless and consuming spaces, of vast, monotonous birch forests, of damp autumnal airs, of long, dark, icy winters broken by the torrents of spring. It is a land of recent slavery, of Asiatic origin and instincts, not yet deeply touched by its two centuries of European contact. All this, of course, produces its own type of man. But there is something else. The Russian people are held in the chilling grasp of a dead hand. They live as men forbid. Conceive a poetic and intelligent people perpetually restrained in mind, their reading censored, their writing curbed, their science suspected, their freedom of thought repressed, their very bodily existence moving in the trammels of passport, police and bureau, everywhere before them the symbols of "*Thou shalt not*"—how

can such a people become other than the baffled, ineffective, self-torturing heroes of Turgenev and Chekhov, unless, indeed, they become like the insurgent characters of Kuzmine and Artzibashev, forswearing all restraint, the anarchists of morality, ultra-Nietzscheans, trying "to live dangerously," and claiming the utmost license of personal conduct? Wheresoever there is Autocracy, there also is Anarchy. They are correlatives. The Dictator is father of the Destroyer. Even the children feel the curse. The English schoolboy in his later teens is no pure and innocent saint, I know; but his healthy life of daily sport and exercise, and his double sense of freedom with responsibility, and responsibility in freedom, combine to make him something vastly wholesomer now and in his future manhood than the troubled Volodya of Chekhov, hating his daily existence of home and of school, burning with lust, struggling forever against something unknown, and attaining freedom at last by a pistol shot. Such are the children of Autocracy.

But now there is at least hope. Whatever may happen Russia can never go back to all it was before. The present at its worst is better than the past. An eruption of violence is nobler than a degrading acquiescence in servitude. In nations, as in individuals, rude energy denotes the vigor of life, and stillness the torpor of death. Russia is now certainly alive:

See a disenchanting nation
Spring like day from desolation;
To Truth its state is dedicate,
And Freedom leads it forth.

Freedom, like other noble abstractions, may mean many things; but at least we are sure of some of the things it doesn't mean. Freedom is incompatible with Tsars, Kaisers, and all other Mythological Majesties what-

soever, with their train of Repression, Suppression, and Extinction. Just as professional boxers cannot live without seeking opportunities for public contests, so these anointed uniform-fillers cannot exist without creating uses for all the infernal apparatus of war that surrounds them from the cradle to the grave. A free state of responsible citizens has no more to do with such humbugs of frightfulness as silver helmets and tin breastplates than

The Bookman.

it has with the frizzed and painted masks of savage chiefs. Where these are the emblems of state there can be no freedom as sensible men understand it. Freedom means health and health means freedom; that is the wholesome circle of life. It is the lesson of history and of prophecy. Especially is it the lesson of the great writers we have been considering, prophets, some of them, in the noblest sense.

George Sampson.

THE WISDOM OF WOODROW WILSON.

It is unlikely that the Bosses of the Democratic Party in 1912, when they decided that, since their Presidential candidate had demonstrably not been born in a log cabin and did not look as if he could bend a poker between his fingers, but since, on the other hand, he had been a college professor, had written several books, including a history of the United States, and had, when Governor of New Jersey, done some really effective work against local municipal corruption, he could best be dramatized as an upright and independent intellectual who would introduce a certain "high-toned" idealism into the over-materialistic atmosphere of American politics, they realized that their harmless little fraud (if a mere compliance with universal national custom can so be called) might cause widespread and perhaps dangerous misunderstandings beyond the Atlantic. But at any rate the "High-Brow" version of Mr. Wilson, thus popularized, has done quite injustice enough to the ablest President the United States has had since Cleveland, if not since Lincoln, to make very opportune the publication of those various utterances in the European War wherein he speaks or himself.

I think it would have been better still if he had been suffered to speak for himself without introduction by English politicians. There seems no particular reason why Mr. George's speech at the American Luncheon Club should be prefixed to the President's pronouncements, and I think that Lord Grey's preface might also have been omitted with advantage. We have all, as patriots, a certain regard for Lord Grey, because we know that, but for the steadiness with which he supported the patriotic policy of the Foreign Office against the influence of cosmopolitan finance and the wealth of the Quaker Trusts (of whose views Mr. George was then the spokesman in the Cabinet) this country might well have lost first her honor and afterwards her national existence. But, though one of the best of our politicians, Lord Grey is still an English politician, and, as such, quite unfit for the task of introducing Mr. Wilson to the English people. For Mr. Wilson and his power in America are the products of democracy. Lord Grey knows so little about democracy that he can say that "Great Britain has attained it not less surely and thoroughly than others by the processes of political

evolution." He knows so little about America that he can say that "in all dealings I have had with Americans, official and unofficial, I have felt that the outlook upon national and individual life was the same." He further remarks of England and America—and the sentences would, I think, be not only true but illuminating with a "do not" after the second "they"—that "they not only speak the same language but that they use it to mean the same things." So, perhaps, his lordship will give us *his* interpretation of "He Says Politics Features Fight to Stop Play." In a word, Lord Grey is enough of an English politician to conceive that the "tactful" thing is always to keep as far away from the bold truth as possible, and what he says can only further confuse and falsify the false picture of Woodrow Wilson which the American instinct for dramatizing Presidents has created.

Read carefully, Mr. Wilson's own words, as uttered at various stages of the long and complex drama, suggest a very different picture. We see an extraordinarily astute politician, genuinely patriotic, but much concerned also for his own political success and that of his party, thoroughly comprehending American politics, and a master of the game, with wit and imagination enough to understand the European situation much better than most Americans can understand it; but with his eye also continually upon the opinion of his own country, knowing well that an American President is the spokesman of the American democracy or nothing, and fully resolved not to speak until he can speak with the full authority of such spokesmanship. Such a man is confronted with an external situation perilous and perplexing in the highest degree, rendered more perilous and perplexing by its want of correlation, so to speak,

to the internal situation. On the one hand the vast and widening whirlpool of the Great War into which, as the President knows, America might at any moment be dragged: on the other a sovereign and democratic people, divided (though unequally) in sympathy, but to a great extent indifferent, anxious for the most part to be left in peace and largely regarding the European conflict as a feudal riot in which they have no concern. Such were the broad outlines of the situation confronting the President less than a year ago. That he has so changed them as to be now able to speak with his enemies in the gates, knowing that he has behind him a great, united and zealous nation, is due to his own astounding cleverness in handling difficulties which seemed once almost insuperable.

The present collection of Presidential utterances opens with the Note of December 10, 1916, in which Mr. Wilson urged the belligerent Powers to consider the terms upon which peace might be made and virtually offered his mediation. It is followed by the address to the Senate which contained the famous formula of "Peace without Victory." Both that Note and that Address must, in view of his later attitude, present an almost insoluble riddle to those who suppose the President's actions to have been determined solely by his view of the European situation. Consider them, for example, in connection with the speech delivered in Washington Monument Grounds on June 14 of this year, after American intervention had become an accomplished fact and Mr. Wilson had had time to satisfy himself that he had the full force of the national will behind him. That speech is an indictment of Prussia, as able, luminous and pitiless as has ever been uttered. It is not an indictment based solely or even mainly on

the outrages which drew America into the War. The President goes back to the origins of the War itself and beyond them, exposing the whole history and nature of Prussian policy, its insolence and its contempt of human right. Listen to his words:

The War was begun by the military masters of Germany, who have proved themselves to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. . . . Their purpose had been long avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention and regarded what the German professors expounded in their class rooms and the German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs and the preposterous private conception of Germany's destiny than the actual plans of responsible rulers. But the rulers of Germany knew all the while what concrete plans, what well-advanced intrigues lay at the back of what professors and writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of the Balkan States with princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt, and setting their fires in Persia.

"The dream," says the President, "had its heart in Berlin. It could have had its heart nowhere else." But he is not content with tracing the origin of the War to the conscienceless ambition of Prussia. He has some words to say about the peace professions which now proceed so profusely though so awkwardly from the lips of Germany's rulers. "Peace, peace, peace," he says, "has been the talk of his Foreign Office for a year or more. . . . A little of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private, through all sorts of channels. It has come to me in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed

which the German Government would be willing to accept."

And then Mr. Wilson goes on to rub in the true explanation of this new enthusiasm of Prussia for peace:

Deep fear has entered their hearts. They have but one chance to perpetuate their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now, with the immense advantage still in their hands, they will have justified themselves before the German people. . . . Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power.

"If they succeed," adds the President, "they are safe, and Germany and the world are undone." "Let them once succeed, and these men (the Pacifists), now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military Empire; the Revolutionists of Russia will be cut off from all succor and the co-operation of Western Europe, and a counter-revolution will be fostered and supported; Germany herself will lose her chance of freedom and all Europe will arm for the next final struggle."

These are the words of a wise man. But how are they to be reconciled with the Note and the Address already referred to? Is it thinkable that the man who on June 14, 1917, set out so luminously the character and menace of Prussian aims, really believed in the previous December that "the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this War are virtually the same"? Surely not. The President's indictment of the German Government is not that of a man who has suddenly woken up to its wickedness but of one who has tracked its course with close attention from the first. Above all, is it thinkable that one who could see so clearly the disastrous consequences of a "peace without vic-

tory" (that is, without the effective overthrow and chastisement of German military power) can have desired in January to bring about such a peace? Here again there can be but one answer.

What, then, is the explanation of the Note and the Address? The only reasonable interpretation one can put upon them is that they represent moves in a very difficult diplomatic game which the President was playing, the object of which was not the persuasion of the Allies or of Germany to peace, but the persuasion of the American people to war. I should guess that some little time before the issue of the Note of December 20 Mr. Wilson received news (presumably from the able and alert Ambassador of the United States in Berlin) which convinced him that the policy of unrestricted murder on the high seas was to be adopted and that America must, therefore, be prepared to fight. The obvious peril was that the necessity should find the American people not so much materially as morally unprepared—still largely indifferent to the European War and not seeing why they should be dragged into it. He had to fear the opposition of those—and in the United States their number was larger than, perhaps, in any other country—who would have peace at almost any price. He had to fear the charges of undue partiality to the Allies and especially of subservience to England—the deadliest charge that can be brought against an American politician. Finally he had to fear the inertia of that great mass of American citizens who had always been accustomed to consider European affairs as no business of theirs. He manoeuvres for position. First he comes forward as a peace-lover and peacemaker. The Pacifists shall not say that he did not make any effort to secure peace before

he drew the sword. Then he puts in the strongest light his impartiality as between the combatants. This to meet the charge of subservience; the very protests which his statement of the case is certain to provoke in the English papers will serve to strengthen his hands. Finally, in his address to the Senate, while still protesting his impartiality he seeks gently to accustom men's minds to the idea of intervention in European affairs in defense of "American principles." When intervention becomes inevitable it will not at any rate come as a thing totally unexpected, a mere disaster. It will be already in the air, a thing contemplated and under certain circumstances more or less approved. His calculations exactly succeeded. When at last he declared war he could almost immediately feel the tide under him and could soon venture to speak as we find him speaking on June 14.

There is a practical reason for emphasizing these considerations; for there is one fragment of his old diplomatic language which he still finds it necessary to maintain, and, unless we take the right view of it, it may cause unnecessary misunderstanding between us and our Allies. The President still insists that America is not at war "with the German People." For us the phrase has no meaning; but the motive of his use of it is clear enough. There is in the United States a large population of German origin. Many of the more recent immigrants are no doubt little better than foreign spies; but it is not so with a great part of the older settlers. Many of these regard the United States as their country and are quite prepared to be loyal to it. But it is obviously easier for them to be loyal if they are told that they are merely fighting the Hohenzollern Dynasty—to which many of them own no sort of alle-

giance, for they left Germany before the Hohenzollerns became its masters—than if they are asked to fight the German nation; therefore Mr. Wilson wisely and patriotically uses what is for them the easier formula. The practical implications of the phrase appear far less dangerous in the President's hands than they might be in those of a weaker or sillier man. He tells us specifically that there can be no peace till the present rulers of
The New Witness.

Germany are overthrown. He tells us, as clearly, that they will be overthrown only in the event of military defeat. To the military defeat of Prussia he stands, therefore, as fully pledged as we. After that we can afford to take our chance. Mr. Wilson, as a good democrat, will do what the people of America wish, and I do not myself fancy that after a short experience of this War they will wish to let Prussia off too lightly.

Ecib.

MR. TEACHILD'S TRANSFORMATION.

BY B. PAUL NEUMAN.

I.

"Old T.," an irreverent pupil, now a K.C., had once named him, and the name had become a tradition of the pupil-room, as much part of it as the dust that lay thick on the windows, or the smell of damp leather that clung lovingly round the bookshelves. On the board at the entrance in Stone Buildings he appeared as "Mr. Teachild," and it was characteristic that his line was the darkest and dingiest of the lot.

Yet, as a matter of fact, he was hardly more than middle-aged—forty-eight, to be precise. But the tall, lean figure, the bald head, the grizzled beard, the spectacled eyes, and the stooping shoulders, all seemed to suggest a bygone generation. As if these suggestions of age were not sufficient, his dress, which never varied in cut or color, supported them. A long, dusty-gray frock-coat, a vest of the same sad hue, and black trousers—it was wonderful that any self-respecting tailor could be found to supply, year by year, such poor advertisements of his skill. The finishing touch was given by the big "Gladstone" collar, and the black silk scarf tied in a stiff bow.

With these outward indications the

habits and temperament of the man seemed quite in accord. Even as a child he had been prematurely old. Circumstances, no doubt, had a good deal to do with it. His father and mother had died while he was still in the nursery, and he had been brought up by an austere spinster aunt, one of whose many peculiarities was a great horror of schools. The boy's education was committed to the care of an ancient clergyman, who took snuff and used the cane with about equal liberality. But he was a good scholar, and at seventeen Martin was already quite a prodigy of learning. His father had destined him for the law, and as his aunt lived in Bloomsbury, he was sent to University College, where his career was highly creditable, if not exactly brilliant. He took his B.A. and M.A. with considerable distinction, and then entered at Lincoln's Inn.

In the year of his call to the Bar his aunt died, leaving him a modest fortune of about a hundred and fifty pounds a year. From the first it was evident that conveyancing would be his line, and the famous John Rutters, with whom he read in chambers, not only prophesied distinction for him,

but helped to fulfil the prophecy by putting work in his way. The young man's father had been a solicitor, and his old firm soon showed that they had not forgotten the connection. Slowly but steadily his practice grew, his pupil-room filled, and by the time he was forty he held an assured position as one of the leading conveyancers in Lincoln's Inn.

II.

Since the death of his aunt Martin Teachild had contributed to the directories only two addresses, a fact of which he was rather absurdly proud. One was in Stone Buildings, where he received his clients; the other was in Church Row, Hampstead. His chambers were on the third floor, a choice originally prompted by motives of economy. Within a few years he could easily have afforded a descent to the second floor, or even to the first. But wherever he once established himself, he took root, and the very idea of a change was abhorrent to him.

It was just the same with his private address. When he started housekeeping for himself he had taken two empty rooms on the first floor of a pleasant, old-fashioned house in Church Row. He was fond of solitary walks, and—except on Bank holidays—the famous Heath appealed to him strongly. His landlord, a German waiter named Wegler, had saved some money, which he invested, partly in an English cook, whom he made Mrs. Wegler, and partly in a lease of the house, which the shrewd and thrifty couple proposed to let to eligible tenants. The two rooms taken by Mr. Teachild were large and pleasant, and he furnished them with the best and most ancient of his aunt's belongings. He paid a pound a week, and Mrs. Wegler acted as his housekeeper. Every Thursday evening (he had gone in on a Thursday) with his

dinner she brought in the rent-book and the tradesmen's books. Two hours and a half later she carried away on the supper-tray the little pile of books, each with its right amount of cash inside it, for it was one of his peculiarities that he never paid by check when he could help it.

When he had occupied the rooms nearly three years, Mr. Wegler represented to him, with many flourishes and apologies, that, the superior landlord having cruelly and wickedly raised the rent on renewing the lease, he was, though with endless sorrow, obliged to make the two rooms yield a higher contribution.

"How much do you want me to pay?" asked Mr. Teachild.

Wegler rubbed his hands together softly, and almost whispered that he thought perhaps, under the unfortunate circumstances, twenty-five—

"Very well," said Mr. Teachild; "twenty-five let it be."

Whereupon Wegler went down to the wife of his bosom and lamented that he had not said twenty-seven and six. Still, as the rise in his own rent had been only five pounds a year, and as there were two or three other tenants to be exploited, he was not really dissatisfied.

As time went on, the rent of the first floor rooms was raised, on one pretext or another, till it reached thirty-five shillings a week.

"He'll pay anything sooner than quit," said Wegler to his wife.

"Don't push him too far," she counseled "Where should we be without his money?"

"There's fish as good in the sea," he quoted; but he knew well enough that the specimen they had landed was an unusually fine one.

III.

For a good many years Mr. and Mrs. Wegler did all the work of the

house themselves, with only occasional help; but as time went by, and their income increased, they began to take life a little more easily. First of all, they had a boy regularly to clean the boots and knives. Then a girl fresh from school took his place, to be trained by Mrs. Wegler in the domesticities. When she left to better herself—not a difficult matter—her successor was an elderly widow with a slight limp and a chronic sniff. These changes were gall and wormwood to Mr. Teachild, and when the widow gave notice he showed a spirit that astonished and dismayed his landlord.

"Wegler," he said, "I'm not going to stand this sort of thing. I've been here more than twenty years, not so much because it's a particularly attractive house, but because I particularly dislike change. But change inside is just as bad as change outside, and I'm tired of seeing a new face every six months. I know why you get raw children and poor worn-out women; it's because they are cheap. Now I know, and you know, that I pay you just about twice as much as the rooms are worth—no, I have not finished yet—and I think I am entitled to decent and regular attendance. Still, as I said, I dislike change, and I am willing to pay you twenty pounds a year more if you will get a competent person to help Mrs. Wegler in the housework; get her and keep her, mind. If she leaves without my approval, I shall leave too. That is all I have to say."

Wegler was thoroughly frightened. "I'm sure, zare," he stammered, "I'm very, very zorry. I know you to be always most iberal, but my landlord is a most unreasonable man. It quite cuts the gold off the gingerbread."

"Never mind about that. What do you say to my offer? You had better talk it over with Mrs. Wegler."

"Oh, zare, there is no need. We will do exactly as you wish."

"Very well, then; get someone as soon as you can, and do not let us have any more changes."

When Mrs. Wegler heard the news, her first remark naturally was, "There! What did I tell you? I always knew he had it in him to be nasty." The twenty pounds, however, brought out a broad smile on her face.

"Our luck's in, after all, Carl," she exclaimed. "I've just had a letter from Cousin Grace at Folkestone. A great friend of hers has died, leaving a girl of nineteen. She was being trained for a teacher, but there's no money, and she'll have to do something else for a living. Grace asks me if I know of a place where this girl could get some training in domestic work, so that later on she might go somewhere as housekeeper. It'd be the very thing. We could give her board and lodging, and there's not much in the way of housekeeping that we couldn't teach her. And we might offer her a pound a month. We wouldn't call it wages, because, from what Grace says, she's a superior sort of girl; but we could make the arrangement a friendly one, and call it pocket-money."

"It zounds good," said her husband, "but we couldn't keep her on those terms, and there are to be no more changes, he zays."

"We could afford to raise her pocket-money for a year or two, at any rate, and one never knows what may happen. Even then, we should be getting the work done for next to nothing."

Mr. Wegler rubbed his hands. "Good business that," he said.

IV.

A week later, when Mr. Teachild came from his bedroom to the sitting-room for breakfast, he found his *Times* drying in front of the fire. It was a wet morning, and, under such

conditions, the paper was often disgustingly damp. In fact, he had often been obliged to dry it himself. Of course, he could have asked the Weglers to do it for him, but that was not his way.

As the clock struck a quarter to eight there came a knock at the door. Mr. Teachild, standing with his back to the fire and the *Times* in his hand, said, "Come in." Whereupon the door opened, and, instead of Mr. or Mrs. Wegler, a young woman entered.

Mr. Teachild was ridiculously shy of the other sex, and the instant he saw the strange face he turned round to the glass. There, however, he met her eyes, and immediately, in great confusion, dropped the paper, and, seizing the poker, began a most unnecessary assault on the fire.

"Good morning, sir," said the newcomer, and, even in his confusion, he noticed that her voice was refined and very pleasant. But his shyness made his answer unintentionally gruff.

She set the things on the table, and then looked over them. "Is that how you like them, sir?" she asked.

He turned from the fire and looked critically at the table. "Not quite," he said. "I like the toast on the left side, and the teapot on the right. Then I can lean the paper against it, and get the light from the window."

"I see," she answered, with a little nod and a smile. "I won't forget—sir."

He noticed the pause before the last word. For the first time in many years, he omitted to prop the paper against the teapot, though he had just been insisting on the importance of the ritual. In his surreptitious glances through the glass he had noticed a good deal. The girl had a pleasant face; nay, she was certainly what people commonly called pretty. She did not wear either cap or apron. Her voice made it quite a pleasure to have

a few words with her. If it was she who had dried the *Times*—and it could hardly have been anyone else—that spoke volumes in her favor. New brooms swept clean, no doubt; but this was certainly a very good-looking broom.

The cleaning of Mr. Teachild's sitting-room had a ways been a sore point. It was done once a fortnight, and it took him two evenings at least to replace his books in their proper order. The Friday after the new arrival was cleaning-day, and as soon as dinner was over he got up to begin the weary business of rehabilitation. To his amazement, there was nothing for him to do. Every book was in its proper place, the long lines without a single break. Yet the books had evidently been dusted and cleaned with scrupulous care; he took out half-a-dozen and examined them. "Wonderful!" he said to himself. "If only it lasts." But he shook his head. It was really too much to hope for.

V.

The days and the weeks and the months went by, and Mr. Teachild's doubts melted away. Beyond all question, Norah—that was the new girl's name—was a wonder and a treasure. There was not one of his little fads and fancies that she ever forgot. Sometimes he almost wished that she would forget, and give him the opportunity of showing that he was not the crusty old curmudgeon he began to be afraid he must appear.

By this time he was quite at his ease with her, and had even begun to consult her on matters of high importance.

"Norah," he said one morning, speaking with a certain air of determination and effort, which was not lost upon her, "I want to ask your opinion, and I wish you to be quite frank, and tell me the exact truth."

"Yes, sir," she answered, putting down the tray that she was just about to carry out of the room.

"These collars that I am in the habit of wearing—they are old-fashioned, I know. Do they make me look very eccentric and old?"

She considered for a minute. "I think they're rather picturesque," she answered. "But they do make you look different from other people, and I'm sure they add on ten years to your age."

"Thank you, Norah," he said. "That is exactly what I wanted to know."

A few days afterwards he gave the Weglers the surprise of their lives by appearing in turndown collars.

"I would not have believed it," declared Mr. Wegler, "if I had not seen it with mine own eyes."

"If it had been anyone but Mr. T.," said his wife, "I should have said he'd fallen in love."

Norah smiled and held her tongue.

One evening, a few weeks later, when she brought in his supper, she found him with a couple of tailors' pattern books before him on the table. "Norah," he said, "I believe you have very good taste. For the last twenty years or more I have always had exactly the same cloth for my suits—the same color and pattern, I mean."

Norah stooped to a double atrocity; she giggled and punned. "I suppose lawsuits are very much alike," she remarked.

Mr. Teachild looked up in quick surprise. Then, as the full extent of the outrage dawned upon him, his face relaxed into a smile, which was followed by a hearty, almost boyish, laugh.

"Law suits—lawsuits," he chuckled. "Very good, very good. Well, I was going to say that I think perhaps a change might be desirable. I want

you to tell me which of these you fancy."

"I'll do my best, sir," she said, with the smile that he was now always trying to provoke, and bent her head over the patterns, and held them to the light, and at a little distance; while he stood behind her, looking at her hair and her lithe young figure a good deal more than at the cloth. "I like these two the best," she said at last. "I don't think there's anything to choose between them."

"Turn down the corners of both, then, my dear," he replied, and, the moment the words were out of his mouth, seized the poker and set to work on the fire.

When, a fortnight later, Mr. Teachild came from his bedroom arrayed in a beautifully cut morning coat and vest, with trousers that hung without a wrinkle, Mrs. Wegler, who was the first to see the apparition, hurried downstairs.

"Carl!" she cried to her astonished husband, "what *has* come to Mr. T.? First the collars, and now he's dressed like a fashion-plate. It must mean something. Why, he looks younger than we do."

"I only hope he will not make of himself a fool," answered her husband, shaking his head.

"We'd better make our hay as fast as we can," said Mrs. Wegler.

VI.

Norah was certainly a pretty girl, and as shrewd and clever as she was pretty. Before she had been a week in Church Row she had taken the measure of the Weglers. But she was alone in the world and almost friendless, and she was only just beginning to recover from the blow that had robbed her at once of her mother and of the work she loved. So, whatever the disagreeables of her new position, she determined to put up with them

for a time, and earn her "pocket-money," and learn all that she could.

From the first she had taken to Mr. Teachild. The Weglers did not trouble to hide their contempt for the simplicity upon which they imposed and fattened. The tradesmen's books, which he paid without a murmur, covered half their housekeeping as well as his own, while the demands made upon him under cover of the landlord's name could hardly, one would have thought, have deceived a child. But beneath the apparent simplicity and the obvious eccentricities she was quick to detect the ability as well as the kind-heartedness of the man. The Weglers were vulgar cheats, but he was a gentleman and a scholar.

It took him a good deal longer to discover that she had the education as well as the manners of a lady.

"There's the best biography that was ever written," he said to her one day, pointing to Boswell's *Johnson*. He had been praising her care of the books.

"And there's the third best," she answered, touching Lockhart's *Scott*.

"What is the second best, then?" he asked.

"Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, I think," she replied.

Now Trevelyan's *Macaulay* was too recent a book to have found a place on Mr. Teachild's conservative shelves, but the very next day he bought a copy.

"Norah," he said a few days after, "I am not sure that I do not agree with you about Trevelyan."

She smiled and looked very pleased. "I felt sure you'd like it, sir," she answered.

Mr. Teachild walked to the window. "Norah," he said, speaking very distinctly, for his back was towards her, "will you be good enough to give up calling me 'sir'? It is unnecessary and unbecoming."

"I will," she replied, "if you really wish it; though I've got quite used to it now."

"I do wish it, my dear," he said with emphasis.

Mr. Teachild was a very regular churchgoer, morning and evening. The Weglers had a sitting between them, and it was generally occupied, morning or evening, by Norah. One Sunday evening, soon after he had forbidden the use of "sir," Mr. Teachild went out, as usual, while the bells were still in full swing. Instead of going inside, however, he waited about, in the shadows of the churchyard, his eyes fixed upon the gates. It was nearly ten minutes after the bells had ceased before his patience was rewarded. He came out of the shadows and met Norah just inside the gates.

"We are both late," he said—"terribly late."

"Yes," she replied; "Mr. Wegler was out, and I had to wait till he came in. Mrs. Wegler doesn't like being left alone."

"I really do not like going in so late as this," said Mr. Teachild.

"It isn't very pleasant," Norah assented.

"Suppose, for once, we go for a quiet little stroll," he suggested.

She hesitated, too much astonished to have an answer ready.

"I am an inquisitive man," he said, with a smile that she liked, "and there are one or two questions I should very much like to ask you. It is not mere inquisitiveness," he added quickly. "Do you think you can trust me?"

"I know that I can," she answered.

The questions and the answers took some time, but Mr. Teachild was not too engrossed to keep count of it, and they came back into the Row just as the church was emptying. She

was going down the area-steps, but he stopped her.

"No, Norah," he said softly, "not any more," and opened the hall door with his latch-key.

Mrs. Wegler was coming downstairs. As Mr. Teachild went up to his room she said sourly, "You should have gone to the other door. It's great presumption to come in here."

Norah's face flushed scarlet. "I know it looks like it," she replied; "but Mr. Teachild insisted on my doing so."

VII.

Mr. Wegler had used his landlord as a stalking-horse so often, so long, and so successfully that it came like a thunderbolt when, the next evening, he received a letter from the solicitors who collected the rent reminding him that his term expired at midsummer, and adding that if he desired a renewal he could have a lease for seven years at an increased rental of twenty-five pounds per annum, on paying a premium of a hundred pounds.

"*Himmel!*" he exclaimed, throwing the letter across to his wife. "It's ridiculous—monstrous—an outrage—robbery."

"We shall have to leave," she said, "just as we've got the best lot of tenants we've ever had. They must have found out how well we're doing. I wonder——"

"Eh?"

"Old T., Carl. He'll never leave this house if he can help it. This time you could show him the letter. If he would find part, it might be worth our while to pay the rest."

"Yes," said her husband. "If he'll pay two pounds for the rooms and half the premium, we might raise the others a shilling each, and then we shouldn't be so much out of pocket after all. I'll speak to him on Thurs-

day. I believe he'll pay anything sooner than turn out."

"If we have to move, will he come with us, do you think?"

"Ah, I'm not sure," answered Wegler meditatively.

"If not, we'll get rid of Norah," declared Mrs. Wegler. "I can't bear the girl, with the airs she gives herself and her sly ways. I believe she's set him against us. I always feel she's watching and spying. I saw her looking at the butcher's book the other day for ever so long."

Mr. Wegler nodded. "She zeems sheap," he said; "but if she's that zort, she's dear at any prize."

For some time the Weglers had been none too pleasant with Norah, but for the next few days they were openly and unbearably insulting. Just before tea on Thursday she went out for a few minutes. When she came back Mrs. Wegler demanded angrily, "Where have you been?"

"To fetch a cab," Norah replied,

"Who for?" Mrs. Wegler's syntax varied with her temper.

"Myself."

"Oh, indeed! Are you going to the opera?" inquired Mr. Wegler, with ponderous sarcasm.

"No; but I'm going to say good-bye to you."

"What do you mean, girl?" Mrs. Wegler's voice showed that she was startled.

"I mean just what I say. I'm going to leave now. You know how you've behaved to me the last day or two. I don't feel like putting up with any more. My box is in the hall, unlocked. You can look through it if you're anxious about your spoons."

"But you can't leave without notice. I'll give you in charge," Wegler blustered.

"Oh, no, you won't. You know the law too well."

He tried another tack. "Your

month's money's due tomorrow; you won't get a penny of it."

"Then I must manage without pocket-money for this month," she answered, smiling.

"Be off with you!" cried Mrs. Wegler shrilly. "A good riddance. If we miss anything, the police will find you out."

"I'll let you have my address as soon as I am settled," said Norah, with a little wave of the hand, as she went up into the hall.

VIII.

That evening Mrs. Wegler, reverting to her former custom, brought in the dinner and placed the house-keeping books on the bureau. Some time after the meal was over and the table cleared her husband appeared, rubbing his hands with the mournful and deprecating air that always indicated finance.

"I'm exceedingly zorry to zay, Mr. Teachild," he began, "that we have two very unpleasant and distressing things happened."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Teachild briskly; "and what may they be?"

"The girl Norah has taken herself off—gone away in a cab without notice—left us zing'e-handed to do what we can."

"Well, Wegler, you know what I told you about changes."

Wegler spread open his fat hands with an exculpatory flourish. "But, zare," he pleaded, "you are always zo reasonable—you will zee it is not our doing—it is hers."

"The result is exactly the same. What is number two?"

"Number two," answered Wegler, with a little smile intended to propitiate, "is still more grievous. The landlord——"

Mr. Teachild shook his head. "No, no, man. Give the landlord a rest. There's reason in all things. If you

want to raise my rent again, you really must think of something else."

Wegler twitched his cuff, and a letter fell into his open palm. He handed it eagerly to his tenant. "You can zee for yourzelf, zare," he said.

Mr. Teachild glanced over it, and threw it on the table. "It's your business, of course," he remarked; "but I should not have thought it worth your while to pay all that."

Wegler's face fell. "It is not possible. I shall, after all these years, have to give up the house."

"The best thing you can do. I'll tell you what it looks like to me. I believe your landlord wants to occupy the house himself. I suppose he has never told you so, has he?"

"I have never even zeen him, zare."

"Oh, come, Wegler," said Mr. Teachild, shaking his head again, "I cannot credit that. I believe you know him as well as you know me."

Wegler became almost apoplectic. That the absolute truth, on one of the rare occasions when it passed his lips, should be doubted was intolerable.

"I give you my word of honor, Mr. Teachild, I have never zeen the gentleman," he protested. "I am not sure that I even remember his name. The zolizitors have always written the letters. I have certainly never zeen him."

"Well, you see him now, at any rate," said Mr. Teachild, a shrewd little smile playing round his clean-shaven lips.

Wegler gave a great start. His urbane manners, of which he was inordinately proud, deserted him for the moment. "Eh?" he exclaimed, and stared, goggle-eyed.

"Yes," Mr. Teachild went on, "I've been your landlord for about five years now; so, you see, some of your fairytales about his extortionate demands have been rather entertaining."

A change came over Wegler's face.

A bland, ingratiating smile appeared, and with it his beautiful manners came back. "Ah, zare," he said, "you are having your joke with me. You have given me a bad panic. We go on as before—is it not zo?"

"No, it is not. Now, look here, Wegler. I have been over the figures of what you have been screwing out of me, and I think that twenty-five pounds a year for seven years and a hundred down will be about right. If you like to pay it you can stay, though in that case you will have to let my rooms to someone else. If you do not like the terms you can go, and then we shall have the house done up, and live here ourselves."

"We—ourzelves," Wegler repeated. "I don't understand."

"Oh, Norah didn't tell you?" said Mr. Teachild with great composure, though his cheeks showed a tell-tale Chambers's Journal.

flush. "We are going to be married on Saturday. I have taken a furnished house for the summer at Harrow. This furniture is going to be warehoused; the vans will be here tomorrow. You need not hurry over your decision. Any time before quarter-day will do."

Wegler seemed more than half-dazed. He said nothing, but turned to leave the room.

"There are the books," said Mr. Teachild, pointing to the row on the table, each with its little pile of coins. "They seem a bit wicked even than usual. I am afraid you will miss my weekly contributions to your house-keeping. Good-night, Wegler, and good-bye, if I don't see you tomorrow."

"*Der Teufel*—" Wegler began; but he said it under his breath, and as he said it he went out and closed the door softly behind him.

THE MECHANICS OF IRISH GOVERNMENT.

BY AN ULSTER IMPERIALIST.

Writing in your columns upon the situation in Ireland just a year ago, I ventured upon the following comments: "As time slips by, if you take no action, things will get worse, and Irish opinion will drift farther and farther from the course prickd off on the Imperial chart." I went on to urge the appointment of an Irish conference, to sit in secret, and to be charged with the duty of working out an Irish agreement. Strangely enough, both these things have happened. The Irish Convention is in session, it debates in secret, and there is reason to hope that it is not without prospect of success. But the Convention was not appointed until May, 1917, and a vast amount of mischief was done by the delay.

If the Convention succeeds, it will be in spite of three forces which have

between them done much to destroy the necessary atmosphere of conciliation and goodwill, these three enemies of Irish peace being the irreconcilable extremists of the two Irish parties and Dublin Castle.

It is an astonishing experience to watch your machine, which we call "Dublin Castle," at its work of "governing" Ireland. No one has a good word for it. Steadily, generation after generation, it produces its new set of hatreds, its fresh list of "martyrs"; to this hour it is continuing to drive Nationalist opinion farther from the democratic Imperialism upon which a settlement must rest. Nor do the activities of the "Castle" meet with approval among any section of Irish Unionists, who have nothing but contempt for the whole institution, from the Lord Lieutenant downwards.

In plain truth, Dublin Castle as an instrument of government has become, to the British Empire, as his Monster was to Frankenstein; a thing created with vast difficulty, which its creator can hardly destroy, even when its continued existence has become a dangerous menace to himself.

There is nothing like it in all the length and breadth of the Empire. Elsewhere, institutions which could originally have been more or less comparable with it have been more or less democratized; the "Castle" stands impervious and inaccessible as ever to public opinion. Chief Secretaries, those "transient and embarrassed phantoms," may come and go, Tory may succeed Radical or Radical Tory, Cabinets may be of either party or of them all, but the cogs of the old machine on Cork Hill grind on in one direction only; and the same result is always produced. There is no way by which any liberal or democratic principle can be utilized as the driving power of its wheels. It is as though the entire Castle mechanism had been designed with two pulleys, the one fixed upon the main shaft and taking the whole drive, the other loose, revolving idly whenever power is applied to it. Stated in its most direct and brutal terms, the fixed pulley of Dublin Castle is Prussianism, while the loose one is democracy, Liberalism, modern Imperialism, Nationalism—everything, in short, for which we and our allies stand as against the whole spirit of our enemy in this war.

My mechanical analogy is, I believe, more than a mere simile. Historically speaking, I think it can be shown that Dublin Castle really was designed for the express purpose of carrying out a certain political principle in government, that it was well designed for its purpose, that it fulfilled and fulfils its purpose to this day, and that it is

incapable of being applied to any other purpose, still less of being driven in the opposite direction! It is not overstating the case to say that Dublin Castle was brought into being in order to frustrate the expression of Irish public opinion, and that it steadily carries out its object until, from time to time, it creates some tragedy, small or great, which shocks every unbiassed observer in the world

But Dublin Castle, considered as a piece of political engineering, offends against other principles of that science. It is driven by the wrong motor. England, not Ireland, is the primary source of its power—with who can tell what waste of English power uselessly absorbed in a complication of unnecessary belts and gear wheels!

It is easy to define the only remedy which can cure these defects. That loose pulley has got to be keyed solidly to the shaft, and the entire plant must be driven by political electricity generated, within the country it controls, by a free democracy; and this power must be applied to the machine by a motor the exact design of which is at this moment the subject of discussion by the Irish Convention.

Further, it is not hard to explain, by the same mechanical parable, just what is wrong in Ireland. High-pressure political electricity is being generated here, as in all other countries in the world, by the friction of the war upon men's minds. For lack of normal political machinery in which to utilize it, this pressure is not only being wasted, but it rises again and again to a dangerous level. It is an old trouble with us, and it is incurable until the power be harnessed to useful ends. It is worse here than elsewhere, because there is the additional and peculiar friction always present between Dublin Castle and Irish minds.

I cannot hope that there is the smallest prospect of Irish conditions

improving until the Irish Constitution is not only designed but manufactured and installed. Sinn Fein on the one hand and its complement the irreconcilable Orange group on the other will, so far as I can see, go on interminably generating unutilized current, positive or negative, according to one's party prejudice, until the day comes when both of them have to concentrate their whole output upon the prosaic and commonplace task of securing their own political welfare by their own brain work instead of by attacking or appealing to England. (It might even be doubted which party it is which attacks and which appeals, when we contrast the summer of 1914 with the present year!) For the periodic outbreaks of "Ulsteria" which have distinguished my native province were just as natural a result of abnormal governmental machinery as are the vagaries of Sinn Fein. There is the same wild oratory, the same absence of reasonable argument, the same total lack of a sense of responsibility—and this lack appears to me to be inevitable while the machinery is absent whereby political responsibility is exercised. I am not sure whether the average Englishman even now, in 1917, quite realizes that Dublin Castle is Whitehall without Westminster, is a bureaucracy without control, is a complete mechanism of civil government in all its parts (with the sole exception of a Treasury), but without any vestige of popular supervision. It is the body, without the spirit, of government; the machine without the mind. What wonder is it that deep-seated political unrest continues to prevail in Ireland? How many years of "firm and just government" (according to, say, the *Morning Post* prescription) will it take to cure the ailment?

There is an almost deadly simplicity about the whole question when one

gets down to realities, however complex the details may be upon the surface. The irresponsible extremists on both sides remain still in prominence, but between them there is now the Convention and all those moderates of whatever previous party who believe in the Convention and are willing to abide by its results. That is one great gain, for not within the memory of living man has there been in Ireland a great "center party" occupying ground common to both sides. Within some period of time to be measured in weeks, say perhaps three or four months, a report of the Convention will be submitted to the Cabinet. One may reasonably hope that it will approach, in broad outline, the plan so superbly stated in "Æ's" pamphlet on "Thoughts for an Irish Convention" (Maunsell and Co., 1d.). At lowest we may take it for granted (1) that it will present a workable Irish Constitution, (2) that there will be minorities on both wings hostile to it, and (3) that it will receive the signature and assent of a large majority. Hence the issue will apparently be at last narrowed down to the single but vital, point—Is the Cabinet prepared to put the principles of the British Empire into practice, and allow local power to drive the local machine? Purveyors or exploiters of Orange nightmares and Sinn Fein dreams are still trying to make our flesh creep by their visions of roasted heretics and pro-German Republicanism. You will be told, no doubt, that any form of Irish self-government is either (a) useless because it is not a republic, or (b) impossible because it might become one. The answer to such inanities is visible throughout the whole course of your vast experiments in government throughout the Empire. The Prime Minister put it in three words last May: "Responsibility brings reason."

There is only one aim worth pursuing these days in Ireland. Eliminating the "rainbow-chasers" (as we have come to call them), we want a plan which, when peace comes again to all the world, will bring peace also between Irishmen themselves and between Ireland and the Empire. Hitherto you have withheld responsibility from Ireland. For this reason you have been cursed with the evil absurdities of Ulster Covenanters on the one hand, publicly relying upon the Kaiser for help against you before the war, and of Sinn Fein on the other, actually receiving similar assistance from the same potentate since war began. Very soon you will have the choice before you again—force or freedom as the mainspring of Imperial policy in Ireland. The powerful articles by "An Irish Soldier" which have recently appeared in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian* supply a first-class series of object lessons on the policy of "how not to do it." You could actually observe force creating resistance, Dublin Castle creating Sinn Fein. What is the alternative? Once again, Responsibility. It is the only possible road towards Irish peace at home or in her relations with you. Why should it fail here alone in all the world? Analyze it in its other applications. It is the public-school plan for making boys into men—Eton and Harrow prefects and monitors carry out their trust because they are responsible. It appears in the old and true joke that poachers make the best gamekeepers. It is the Baden-Powell way of turning hooligans into Boy Scouts. It is the school in which our naval officers are trained from their first day on board. It is the secret by virtue of which Borstal institutes and American prisons have begun to

The Manchester Guardian.

make thieves and murderers into good citizens. Responsibility has brought Labor members into the British Cabinet. Responsibility has brought General Smuts shoulder to shoulder with Lord French. Responsibility created the loyalty of our overseas nationalities—rebellious enough before they received the gift. It has been publicly announced as the policy to be carried out in India. It is one of the only two known forms of government, the other being irresponsible force, dictating from above what an irresponsible population must do, and all the world is in arms against its embodiment in Central Europe. Public responsibility of the plain man for his own government is the only power which is capable of dragging Prussian ambitions to the dust. Whether in his own soul, in his home, his business, or in his public life, civic or political, the spirit of men, self-disciplined and self-controlled, in small groups or in great, grows onward and outward through city, province, nation, or empire towards a world recivilized. The scale is nothing; the principle is everything. Whether your appeal is to a Boy Scout or a giant Empire, you appeal to fundamental facts deeply implanted in the very nature of mankind. Forgotten, neglected, or deliberately set aside in Ireland, these human factors in public welfare have been arrayed against you for centuries. They are imperishable. They will continue to stultify you to yourselves and before the world until you recognize them and begin to build upon them as your foundations. The stone which the builders rejected in Ireland will become the headstone of the corner in the future temple of Irish peace. Graven upon it will be the word RESPONSIBILITY.

A JEWISH PALESTINE.

It is certainly not too soon to discuss the future of the Holy Land, for the Jews, who have a historic and generally acknowledged right to this country, have displayed almost superhuman patience in their longing for national restoration. Ever since their dispersion, nearly two thousand years ago, from their ancestral soil they have not ceased to pray to be gathered once more within its borders from all corners of the earth. Early in the second century there was an armed attempt under a heroic leader, Bar Kochba, to regain possession of Palestine, but it was soon suppressed. Thenceforth the love of Zion found expression merely in a religious form—in prayers and pilgrimages—whilst ever and again, in the gloom of the Middle Ages, it was fanned into flame by a false Messiah who heralded the return to Zion, and then abandoned his deluded followers.

But at various periods during the last hundred years ambitious efforts have been made to convert the traditional ideal into a practical reality. The great Napoleon himself, at a certain stage in his victorious campaign, dreamed of restoring the ancient land to its rightful owners; and the nineteenth century witnessed the promulgation of quite a number of schemes for the return of Israel to the Holy Land. In England the most famous advocate of the idea was George Eliot, whose "*Daniel Deronda*" is an inspiring contribution to the subject. But no really practical measures were taken until the Zionist Organization was established in 1897 at a Jewish Congress held in Basle. That Congress—the first Zionist Congress—was attended by over 200 representatives from all parts of the world, and it formulated its ideal in the

so-called Basle Program: "The aim of Zionism is to create for the Jewish People a Home in Palestine secured by public law."

Twenty years have passed since that first Zionist Congress was held, and although another dozen Congresses have taken place since—the fourth, in 1900, was held in London—the organization is represented by thousands of societies in all countries of the globe, the Basle Program has not yet been realized. The leaders of the Zionist movement have had to encounter considerable difficulties. They required abundant financial resources and considerable political influence for the achievement of their task, but unfortunately both of these factors are concentrated in that section of Jewry which is anxious to become merged in its environment, and has no desire to see Jewish national life perpetuated.

But despite numerous and serious obstacles, not the least of which was the early death of its founder, Theodor Herzl, in 1904, the Zionist organization has achieved a great deal. It founded a Zionist bank, the Jewish Colonial Trust, which should serve as the financial instrument of the movement, and which has a larger number of shareholders than any other company in the world. It also established the Jewish National Fund, which should acquire land in Palestine as the inalienable property of the Jewish people. Both the Colonial Trust and the National Fund were registered in England according to the Companies Act. Simultaneously with extensive propaganda throughout all the Jewries of the world, the Zionist organization inaugurated a systematic scheme of colonization—both rural and urban—in Palestine, and en-

deavored to attract both Jewish capital and labor for its cultivation.

All these efforts formed only a good and hopeful beginning, and then the war broke out. The last three years have naturally witnessed a continuance of Zionist propaganda, but there has been a cessation of colonizing activity. Worse still, the young Turks, who originally appeared somewhat favorable to Zionism, have tried to suppress all manifestations of Jewish nationalism; and the Generalissimo, Djemal Pasha, actually threatened with death anybody who was found in possession of the artistic stamps—mere tokens—of the Jewish National Fund.

The future of Zionism is now bound up with the war settlement, and Zionists in both hemispheres are earnestly hoping that this settlement will not only recognize their right to Palestine but will enforce it. One of the war aims of the Allied Powers is to secure for the small nations the right of self-determination in a land of their own; but although the rights of all other small nations have formed the theme of eloquent speeches by scores of statesmen, no official public utterance has yet been made on behalf of the Jews, who have waited longer than any other nation for the realization of their ideal. The Jewish question has troubled Government after Government for the last few decades, and although various international congresses have been held they lacked the courage to grapple with the problem. The time has now come

The London Chronicle.

when the question can be shirked no longer. The Jews have had to suffer bitterly enough during their centuries of exile and dispersion. The time has now come to make amends by restoring them to their country.

The great, nay, the preponderating bulk of Jewish Nationalists live in Russia, America and the British Empire, and it is therefore the obvious duty of the Governments of these countries to undertake, in combination with the other Allied Powers, the task of securing Palestine for the Jews. A lead is expected from the British Government, not only because it has always been regarded as the champion of oppressed races, but because it has already had official relations with the Zionist organization since 1902. In that year the Zionist leader, Herzl, negotiated with the British Government for a concession of land in the Sinai Peninsula, bordering upon Palestine, but the suggested territory was found to be short of water; and in the following year the British Government offered the Zionists a large tract in East Africa which, however, was found unsuitable. The British Government has now a signal opportunity of helping to realize the national ideal of the Jewish people by declaring its recognition of the Jewish claim to Palestine and promising its services for its enforcement. The waste lands of Judæa will be made fruitful again only by Jewish hands, and civilization will be enriched when the Jewish people is again enabled to live a natural and national life.

Israel Cohen.

BAD TEMPER.

It is impossible to read the recent life of Sir Charles Dilke without coming to the conclusion that public men are an extraordinarily bad-tempered

set. Almost everybody of importance who is mentioned in the biography has a vile temper. Gladstone, Chamberlain, Harcourt, Lord Randolph Church-

ill, Queen Victoria, even the lazy-faced Lord Hartington who afterwards became the Duke of Devonshire—all of them are as “touchy” as children and burst into rages or tantrums on the slightest provocation. Dilke himself is one of the few imperturbable figures in the book. Sir Eyre Crowe was struck by the “Roman attitude” of Dilke at the tragic crisis of his life, and Dilke always comported himself with a certain Roman gravity in his political career. He seems to have lacked that element of irritable egotism which is the fruitful parent of bad temper. “I believe,” he said to Harcourt in 1880, “I am the only English politician who is not jealous.” Harcourt, we are told, “laughed very much,” and said: “We all think that of ourselves.” “I mean it,” replied Dilke. Poor Harcourt himself was the victim of an abominable and jealous temper. Hell hath no fury like a politician scorned, and Harcourt to the end labored under the feeling that his services were in danger of being insufficiently appreciated. When he was fighting Lord Rosebery for the succession to Mr. Gladstone, he wrote to Labouchere: “Hell would be pleasant compared to the present situation.” He was equally violent and much given to swearing, however, as a Cabinet Minister in the eighties. At a Cabinet meeting in 1883, he raged so ferociously against the Irish that “at last Lord Carlingford, although an Irish landlord, cried out ‘Your language is that of the lowest Tory.’” On another occasion, when the Unionist hopes of victory in a snap division in a thin House had been foiled, Harcourt “said savagely across the table: ‘So that damned dirty trick has failed!’” Sir William Harcourt, we fancy, is represented as having been perfectly furious more frequently than any other politician who appears in the Dilke biography.

But he was not a solitary fury. He was a fury in a troop of furies. “We looked forward to what the schoolboys call ‘a jolly blow-up’ when Gladstone should return,” wrote Dilke on one occasion, when Gladstone had been in France and announcing in a newspaper interview changes of policy of which his colleagues knew nothing. Certainly, the history of the 1880 Cabinet is the history of one “jolly blow-up” after another. One of the questions that brought Gladstone into conflict with the Queen was as to whether it was his duty to mention all these “blow-ups” in his reports to her. Mr. Gladstone, Dilke recorded in his notes,

always held that the Queen ought not to be told about dissensions in the Cabinet; that Cabinets existed for the purpose of differing—that is, for the purpose of enabling Ministers who differed to thresh out their differences—and that the Queen was only concerned with the results. . . . But the Queen naturally . . . hates to have personal differences going on of which she is not informed.

One sympathizes with Queen Victoria. She must have taken special pleasure in the spectacle of detestable Liberal Cabinet Ministers drawing hat pins on one another.

If we cannot keep our eyes off a dog fight, how much more difficult it is not to be interested in the snapping and snarling of Cabinet Ministers, the leaders and governors of nations! There is an old slut of a cook in Gorky’s reminiscences who confesses, “What I love most in the world is a fight. I don’t care what sort of fight it is—cock fights, dog fights, or fights between men—it is all the same to me!” And Gorky tells us, “If she saw cocks or pigeons fighting in the yard she would throw aside her work and watch the fight to the end, standing dumb and motionless at the win-

dow." She used often in the evenings to say to Gorky and his cousin: "Why do you sit there doing nothing, children? You had far better be fighting." There is something of the cook's malicious passion in most of us. We are much more interested in Cabinet Ministers and other people when they fly out at each other than when they dwell together like brethren in unity. The dull man comes to life for us in the sharp reality of a bad temper. Even Lord Hartington emerges from the wood, a recognizable human being. One likes to picture his heavy, resentful face on the occasion on which, true to the interests of his class, he was fighting against an agrarian Bill in the Cabinet, and Gladstone, anxious to learn how the Bill would affect Scotland, said, "I wish Argyll were here." "I wish to God he was," cried Hartington, knowing that the Duke would at least have sided with him as a fellow-reactionary. Hartington, according to Dilke, was exceedingly angry at this Cabinet meeting because he was not supported even by the other landlords. He "was simply ferocious, being at bay. He told us that Lord Derby was a mere owner of Liverpool ground rents, who knew nothing about land." Hartington showed his bad temper again when Dilke, though a Cabinet Minister, refused to vote against the Woman's Suffrage amendment to the Franchise Bill. "Hartington," wrote Dilke in his diary, "is very angry with me for not voting, and wants me turned out for it. He has to vote every day for things which he strongly disapproves, and this makes the position difficult." To read these comic revelations of resentments, huffs and irritations is to realize that the novel—the irresistible comedy—of political life still remains to be written. What a wealth of minor passion—and minor passion is always comic passion—appears in Harting-

ton's postscript, quoted by Chamberlain: "Thank God we should soon be out of this damned Government."

Queen Victoria did not give herself away in her bad temper to this extent. She was testy rather than furious in her anger. She never swore aloud. One can see, however, how difficult it often was for her to restrain herself in presence of the ill-deeds of her Ministers. One can read temper in the telegram she sent to Harcourt when he ordered the release of Davitt: "I can scarcely believe that Davitt, one of the most dangerous traitors, has been released without my having been consulted." She was angry, too, when Chamberlain made his famous, "They toil not, neither do they spin" speech about the House of Lords. She was angrier still when, at the meeting held to celebrate a certain anniversary, Chamberlain said that "the representatives of Royalty were absent, and nobody missed them." When Chamberlain was told that the Queen would probably complain about his speech, he said: "If she does, I shall most likely . . . deny her right to criticise my speeches." He, too, had a pretty temper. The fact is, the Queen and Gladstone had both the bad temper of despots, and nearly everybody else had the bad temper of people who could not endure despots: "Talk of two Kings of Brentford!" Dilke wrote in his diary. "This Cabinet has to serve two despotic monarchs—one a Tory one, at Osborne, and one a Radical one, at Cannes" (where Gladstone was at the moment). Had it not been for the despotism of Gladstone and the bad temper induced by this in Chamberlain, the history of these islands might well have run a different course. Chamberlain had never been an out-and-out Home Ruler, but his sympathies with Parnell and radical solutions were such that he was all but predestined to

complete conversion, had not Gladstone on two fatal occasions aroused his anger. The first occasion was when Gladstone passed him over in looking for an Irish Chief Secretary. The second was, in 1886, when Gladstone asked him what office he wanted, and on being told "The Colonies," answered "Oh! A Secretary of State." "Chamberlain," says Dilke, "was naturally angry at this slight, and being offered by Mr. Gladstone the Board of Trade, then refused to return to it." One might say that the chief cause of the split in the Liberal Party in 1886 was not incompatibility of ideals but incompatibility of temper as between Gladstone and Chamberlain. One wonders whether the inner history of all great parties is like this—the story of great causes ruined by the little tempers of great men. It is appalling to think that the destiny of a nation may hang, so to speak, on a drop of uric acid. When we see a particularly bad-tempered, harassed face in a London bus, we sometimes say to ourselves: "The uric acid has entered into his soul." We are surprised that no medical historian has as yet compiled a treatise on uric acid as a factor in the history of civilization. There is no mention of uric acid in Buckle, and for this reason his theories are largely invalidated. Who knows how many of the misdeeds of history have been due to a mere irritation in the blood—from the murder of Becket down to the onslaught on the Irish at the end of the eighteenth century? Often, human beings become bad-tempered not only singly but in groups, like the Liberal Party in 1882, when Dilke wrote of it: "Our side in the Commons are very Jingo about Egypt. They badly want to kill somebody.

The New Statesman.

They don't know who." The difference between a statesman and a demagogue is that, while the statesman does his best to moderate the bad temper of the party or mob and to revive sanity in its stead, the demagogue encourages the party or mob in its bad temper with a view to strengthening his hold on it. History assuredly justifies the good-tempered politician. The ill-tempered man may succeed for an hour, but it is the great quality of an equable temper that adds the final touch of greatness to a Pericles or an Abraham Lincoln. Even among the politicians of today, we cannot withhold our respect from the man who, in the popular phrase, can keep his temper. The suavity of Mr. Asquith has given him an extraordinary hold over the country in comparison with his hastier contemporaries, and the suavity and grace of Mr. Balfour have won him the admiration of his enemies as well as the affection of his friends. One cannot easily measure the greatness of the service Mr. Redmond has rendered to the cause of Irish Nationalism by the consistent good temper with which he has stood up to the abuse—often the very libelous abuse—of his opponents. The British elector compared Mr. Redmond's quiet persuasiveness with the fury of Sir Edward Carson, and said to himself that here was the difference between a statesman and a spoiled child throwing its toys about and trying to bite the nurse. Mr. Redmond's success, indeed, is due to qualities of temper rather than to qualities of intellect. Ultimately, we respect nothing that is not associated with good temper. Good temper is simply balance and order, and without these things the very universe falls to pieces.

WARTIME FINANCE.

(The colossal expenditures of the war, and the pressing problems which confront the different Governments and the financiers and business interests of the different countries are of so profound national concern that THE LIVING AGE proposes to print for the present, from week to week, a department specially devoted to their consideration.—Editor of THE LIVING AGE.)

THE CONSCRIPTION OF CAPITAL.

There are signs that one day some sort of a levy on Capital, whether by forced loan or otherwise, may be imminent. Newspapers are putting out "feelers," and already the *Evening Stars* are singing together for joy. Grave disadvantages attend such a course, but if the national need really demands it, that need is paramount. The national need will have to be proved, for this country is already more heavily and narrowly taxed than any other in Europe, and taxation, apart from rates, falls on a limited class, the greater part of which is far from affluent and wholly unorganized. The need, too, will have to be proved by facts, and not by phrases. There is a real danger that a levy may be twisted to serve a political turn, and used to propitiate or even aggrandize the minority of Socialists who mislead, misrepresent, and overbear the Labor that lends them organization. Capital is held out by altruists, thirsting to transmute it into income, as a criminal to be sentenced without trial. Burglars do not like the policeman. He is, therefore, to be hung, drawn, and more than quartered by the professional agitators and politicians who have done so much to impede and exploit the war. The Fabians, too, who do not meet in secret like the Trade Unions, but publish their pretty theories with a pinch of salt for a relish, are quick to see and to seize opportunities. "Unrest," fomented by a weak, meddling Government, and intensified by the new Puritans, who begrudge beer while they capitalize cocoa, is a golden opportunity for

wringing the neck of the goose that lays the eggs. It is a great goose, but any Ministry that dares unnecessarily to usurp its functions will be a greater. The pose of Omnipotence without strength, omniscience without knowledge, would play the deuce with capital. But such is Government's humility that if a "mandate" be manufactured—and it owns a factory of mandates—it will meekly bow the head, and monopolize capital on principle. It will not monopolize the brains and free energy which made capital or the thrift which keeps it productive. There is the trouble.

Whether this cry be nationally and rationally warranted, or whether it is only a mobman's pretext, what is manifest at the outset is the rank hypocrisy of its presentation. On what is it based? "Equality of sacrifice" roars the redoubtable Mr. Smillie. Our lads and lassies have given their work and service, gushes an obsequious contemporary, why should wealth escape? It is, however, statistically clear that the better-to-do have from the first freely offered themselves and all their belongings, both on the field and at home, without waiting to be conscribed. The workman who went out at once, leaving the good Stockholmers behind him, sacrificed no more, perhaps less, in proportion to numbers, and both have been voluntarily splendid. He will be the first to own the love and the loss of those patriots who had some money, inherited or acquired. And their "wealth" has certainly not escaped, except in the evaporation of value. They are now paying, each in a

degree, a huge part of their income—an income built out of savings by somebody. They are therefore unable to save much more, except in the few cases of inordinate fortunes. The less they can save, the less is the whole nation benefited and its productivity increased. Moreover, if capital were confiscated without any equivalent, it is clear that the income tax would be impoverished. The pleas, therefore, of "equality" and shirking capital are nauseating bunkum, and the contrast between immolated Labor and immolating Capital is an impudent insult. This claptrap is aggravated by the sham sentimentality that seeks to simulate justice and enkindle both pity and passion: it resembles the patchouli on some painted countenance. Let Russia serve, not as a precedent, but as a warning. Freedom does not mean booty. Socialism bids fair to ruin any country which it can manage to mismanage, and the temper of those semi-Socialists, who are never happy save when others are hit, is deplorable.

We can conceive of a crisis in which a levy on capital might be imperative. It would be a last resource, after all the other resources of a prosperous nation had failed, after the united taxation of a united people had proved unable to supply the interest on loans, after Government had retrenched to the last farthing and extinguished its riot of official extravagance, after a war-loan levy on income had broken down. Before a capital levy can be held urgent, highly-paid labor should have contributed its share of income tax, direct taxation should have been broadened, and the Trade Union Co-operative Societies, which are rich indeed, should have paid income tax and excess profits. And there should be no exemptions for Ireland. The spirit in which it should be worked would be one of public spirit. It would

be a remedy not a revenge. It would not be undertaken in the mood of Henry the Eighth, who handed the impropriated Abbey lands to subservient favorites. "Impropriation" is "good," but, to do him justice, King Hal did not cant much: he knew how to rob; Robespierre (well so-called) did not, and he tried, but failed, to institute a sack by sentiment.

The Saturday Review.

FRENCH WAR FINANCE.

The estimates for the last quarter of 1917 have duly been passed by the Chamber and the Senate. The actual Bill and its preamble contains many facts that are of very considerable general interest. Thus, for the first time, a really comprehensive account has been published as to the situation regarding the French income tax. It is stated that income has been declared amounting to 5,854,453,783f, and, of course, these figures do not include the invaded areas of the North and East of France. In 1916 there were 165,394 declarations showing a total income of 2,982,428,905f. In this year, when the declaration has been made obligatory, and the limit of exemption has been lowered from 5,000f to 3,000f the number of declarations has risen by more than 50 per cent. It is interesting, too, to note that there is a considerable increase in the figures of those who are able to claim exemption, the figures for 1916 and 1917 being respectively 175,929 and 286,555. The revenue yield, when deductions are made for families, etc., is estimated at 183,260,000f, and it is expected that when the income tax is raised, as it seems likely it will be, from 10 per cent to 12.50 per cent, from this source alone a yield of between 200 and 250 million francs may be expected. Speaking generally of the progress of French taxation, it is satisfactory to note that since the

outbreak of the war there has been a steady tendency not only to recover the reduced yield of taxation, but even to raise the revenue so derived above that of a normal year. Naturally the Customs enter into this recovery to a very large extent but the general figures for the first three years of war are extremely encouraging.

The preamble analyzes these results, and shows that whilst stamp duties, Bourse operations, etc., show a deficit of 28.48 per cent on the normal year, *The Economist*.

and indirect taxation from monopolies show a deficit of 4.18 per cent, and post, telegraphs, and telephones a deficit of 8.95 per cent, the customs are in advance by 128.9 per cent, sugar 24.74 per cent, and estate duties 34.9 per cent, the total net advance for the third year being an advance of 15.2 per cent for the third year of the war, as against a deficit of 29.83 per cent and 15.13 per cent for the first and second years of the war as against the normal year.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The mystery of "The Other Brown" involves a murder, the fraudulent sale of a Mexican mine, a missing heiress, hereditary revenge, and dual personality. The scene is laid in New York, the action is rapid, the denouement unexpected, and the style admirably fitted to the matter, and readers who enjoyed Adele Luehrmann's earlier detective story, "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont," will undoubtedly find pleasure in this one. The Century Co.

"Mrs. Hope's Husband," in Gelett Burgess's amusing little novelette, is a brilliant lawyer whose charming wife has achieved sudden success as a popular novelist. Piqued by her absorption in interests in which he has no part, he essays the rôle of anonymous admirer, and has the satisfaction of watching her open his typewritten letters at their breakfast table and select extracts from them for his edification. The letters grow more ardent, and the situation more tense, but the reader does not lose confidence in Mr. Burgess's ability to achieve the happy ending. The Century Co.

Stories which girls like to read and which their mothers like to see them read are none too common, and

among them Mary Ellen Chase's are taking high rank. "The Girl from the Big Horn Country" was a popular favorite last year, and its sequel, "Virginia of Elk Creek Valley," promises to be as successful. A group of Virginia's boarding-school friends spend the long vacation with her on her father's ranch in Wyoming, and their adventures in horseback riding, bear-trapping, camping, barn-warming, and school teaching make a bright and wholesome narrative, with just a suggestion of boy and girl romance at the end to hint at still another volume. The Page Co.

Joseph A. Altsheiler's "The Rulers of the Lakes" (D. Appleton & Co.) is a spirited and exciting tale of Indian wars. It is complete in itself, but it follows two similar tales, "The Hunters of the Hills" and "The Shadow of the North," and describes the adventures of the same group—Robert Lennox, Tayoga, and the rest. The lakes are Lake George and Lake Champlain, and the story begins just after Braddock's defeat and ends with the battle of Lake George. It is decorated with four illustrations in color by Charles L. Wrenn.

Hector MacQuarrie's "How to Live at the Front" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) has for its sub-title "Tips for American Soldiers" and this describes it exactly. The author is Second Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery, and in this book he tells in an easy, conversational manner his experiences and observations at the front, on leave and elsewhere. It would be a good thing if it could be put into the hands of every American soldier going to France. It would supplement the regular army manuals more effectively than any other book yet written, for it is at once lively, comprehensive and practical, touching all aspects of life at the front and away from it, and teaching high lessons of courage, discipline, patriotism and purity. The soldier-reader will learn from it things which he would be inclined to discount if he heard them from his chaplain, and he will be the better soldier by reason of it. There are twelve full-page illustrations from photographs.

In "A Treasury of War Poetry" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) an anthology of British and American poems of the world war, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Professor George Herbert Clarke of the University of Tennessee, there are gathered and classified about 130 exquisite and poignant poems. Kipling, Conan Doyle, Henry Van Dyke, Edith Wharton, Alfred Noyes, Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, Vachel Lindsay, Rupert Brooke, John Galsworthy, Austin Dobson, Henry Newbolt, John Masefield, Gilbert Chesterton, Allan Seeger, Josephine Preston Peabody, and Edgar Lee Masters are among the poets represented. The selections are well chosen, and the little volume is in every way worth while. If it were open to criticism, it would be on the ground that the editor has largely confined his quest to recognized poets and volumes

of verse, and has failed to include such poems as "Christ in Flanders," "Sportsmen in Paradise," "Crocuses at Nottingham," "The Patrol," "Admiral Dugout" and other poems by writers little known or unknown which are more appealing than some of the verse of the recognized poets.

The reader of "The Youth Plupy" by Henry A. Shute (Houghton Mifflin Co.) may be a little perplexed at first whether to regard it as fiction or as autobiography; but, lively and diverting as it is, and difficult as it may be to reconcile the grave figure of Judge Shute with that of the awkward youth whose adventures and misadventures are here recorded and pictured, he will pretty certainly conclude that it is not imagination but memory upon which the author has chiefly drawn. There is plenty of humor in these reminiscences of youthful days at Exeter, and of such incidents as the painful breaking of the hero's voice at the most critical point of school declamation, of his untimely precipitation from his usually docile horse, of his awkwardness in dancing, of his share in street combats, of his escape from the wiles of a damsel and her designing attorney, and of his sentimental attachment for the brown-haired girl, Mollie, Jean and the rest; but the humor is not strained and the book is charming from the first page to the last. The six illustrations by Reginald Birch, which are reproduced in miniature on the jacket, are almost as clever as the text.

Readers of Ian Hay's "The First Hundred Thousand"—and there must have been many of them—who regretted that the story ended when it did, will hail with eager interest the continuation of the narrative in "All In It" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). Through this book, "K 1" still carries on through

fighting in Belgium and France, through the Battle of the Somme, and is as cheerful, as courageous and as true an example of good comradeship as ever. It is a gallant regiment in the field and in the trenches and it is fortunate in its historian, whose unfailing sympathy and humor make every chapter a delight. It is to be regretted that there is to be no third volume, chiefly because, as Major Beith explains, the First Hundred Thousand, as such, are no more; or, as Sergeant Mucklewame expressed it: "There's no that mony of us left now, onyways."

Who "Alpha of the Plough" may be—author of the fifty or more brief essays which make up the latest volume in the Wayfarers' Library called "Pebbles on the Shore" (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—is not disclosed beyond the fact that he is an English journalist, one of a group contributing to the *London Star*. But the essays are charming, touched with the pathos and tragedy of the great war, yet not directly related to it. As the Preface suggests, they are "pebbles gathered on the shore of a wild sea" but, although written in a stormy time, they show an understanding of Nature and of human nature which would make them pleasant reading at any time. They are varied in theme and sunny in spirit.

"Winning His Army Blue" by Norman Brainerd (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) is a story of boy life in a military boarding-school, where the great goal of the boys' ambition is the winning of special honors which, if won, open the way ultimately to a commission in the United States Army. As the conditions are varied, turning not only upon scholarship and physical training, but upon character, the contest for these honors develops traits, good and bad, and is attended with

many stirring incidents. Eight illustrations by John Goss decorate the book. Rebecca Middleton Samson's "Schoolgirl Allies" from the same publishers, introduces a new author to readers who are certain to ask for more stories from the same source. It is a story of the school life of two American sisters, who are pupils in a finishing school at Brussels, where they are intimately associated with English, French and Belgian girls. It is full of incident from the first chapter to the last and the different traits of character, individual and national, are developed unobtrusively but effectively. The author has a light and pleasant touch, and her characters are true to life. There are six illustrations by Clara Olmstead. Edna A. Brown's "The Spanish Chest"—also from the press of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.—has an unusual setting in the island of Jersey, where an American lady with her daughter and sons are described as passing a winter as lodgers in a villa, and having many enjoyable experiences and making many friends. An element of mystery and adventure, indicated in the title, is the discovery of a Spanish chest and an ancient manuscript, dating back to the time of Charles II. The book is dedicated to the memory of the two girls for whom it was chiefly written and who shared a winter spent in the Channel Islands but "have now gone on a longer journey." The fourteen illustrations are in part the work of John Foss, and in part from photographs.

Horace Mather Lippincott, joint author of an earlier work on the Colonial homes of Philadelphia and its neighborhood, has followed the congenial researches which had their fruit in that book with the publication of a painstaking and profusely illustrated volume on "Early Phila-

delphia, Its People, Life and Progress" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). Opening with a suitable tribute to the character and services of William Penn, who founded the city and did much to shape its earlier history, the author pursues steadily his aim of bringing together under one cover many fragmentary and scattered accounts of important and peculiar customs and institutions which still survive in the Philadelphia of today. He describes the early settlers and their habits of life; emphasizes the worth and sobriety of the Quaker ideals; and, in successive chapters, writes of the churches and their people, the market place, the government, the days of stage coaches and post roads, the squares and parks, the theaters and the old taverns, and of such characteristically Philadelphia institutions as the Library Company, the American Philosophical Society, the University, the Law Academy, the College of Physicians, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the Franklin Institute, the Athenæum, the City Troops, the Friends' Asylum for the Insane, the Philadelphia Dispensary, the Carpenters' Company, and many others. In spite of the many changes through which it has passed, and in spite of a deterioration in certain directions which has brought it, of late, into painful prominence, Philadelphia has succeeded better than most American cities in preserving the old landmarks and the old ideals. They are well presented in the present volume, the value of which is greatly enhanced by more than one hundred illustrations, many of which are copies of old prints.

It was inevitable that Mr. H. G. Wells should popularize in the form

of fiction the ideas which he so recently gave to the serious public in "God the Invisible King," and "The Soul of a Bishop" is the result. The bishop, of course, passes through the denials and repudiations with which that book opens, and ends in the beliefs with which it closes. Princhester, his cathedral city, is in the heart of the industrial district; the bishop's family includes his wife, Lady Ella, the daughter of an earl, and five children in whom, in spite of their carefully guarded girlhood, all sorts of modern ferments are at work. An unexpected feature—and one that decidedly breaks the continuity of the character development—is the introduction of a mysterious drug as the source from which the new light comes to the bishop, its tonic influence reviving his courage, and giving him an assurance of the invisible by a veritable appearance. Withdrawing from the church, the bishop is urged by Lady Sunderbund—a rich American under whose sympathetic spell he has blamelessly fallen—to allow her to build for him the tabernacle, "a very plain, very simple, very beautifully proportioned building," in which he is to give his "message." Here again, the text from the earlier volume is expanded into a commentary—an extremely clever commentary, with amusing glimpses of feminine nature, including Lady Ella's and the five daughters'. The conservative, if they take up this book at all, will find less to offend in it than in the other, but they may also find it less worth their while. An English reviewer describes it as "Mr. Wells almost at his best and almost at his worst—social satire of the most delicate, theology of the most barren." The Macmillan Co.